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LEADING WOMEN OF THE RESTORATION

LEADING WOMEN OF THE RESTORATION

With Portraits

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BY

GRACE JOHNSTONE

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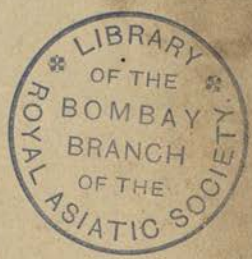

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PREFACE.

In issuing this little volume a few words of explanation may be acceptable concerning its origin and object. The idea of compiling it arose from a perusal of *The Life and Letters of Thomas Ken*, the last, alas! of the delightful works of Edward Hayes Plumptre, Dean of Wells. The names of the famous women whose lives are here sketched are mentioned in juxtaposition in Dr. Plumptre's book, and he eagerly welcomed the offer of the present writer to take up his suggestion of publishing a study of their lives, their influence, and their surroundings. There is little doubt that, had he lived to see the completion of the work, he would have contributed an introduction to it, eloquently stating his own views on the gracious and salutary influence which Lady Russell and her high-minded contemporaries exercised on English society in the days of "The Merry Monarch" and his unhappily placed consort.

While fully conscious of many shortcomings, and

of how far the performance has fallen short of the design, the author trusts that this little work will convince many readers that English womanhood was conspicuous by its purity and goodness, even in those degenerate days, and that the light of domestic and social virtue shone with undimmed brilliancy in many of the highest places in the land.

Thanks are due to many friends and correspondents for kind assistance, among whom may be mentioned Lord Arthur Russell, late M.P. for Tavistock, a direct descendant of Rachel, Lady Russell, in the sixth generation, and Mrs. Chaworth Musters, author of *A Cavalier Stronghold.*

October, 1891.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
LADY RUSSELL	1
LADY WARWICK	91
LADY MAYNARD	121
MRS. HUTCHINSON	129
MRS. GODOLPHIN	191

LADY RUSSELL.

LEADING WOMEN OF THE RESTORATION.

RACHEL, LADY RUSSELL.

Of all the noble historic portraits in the splendid picture gallery attached to that perfectly preserved renaissance mansion, Hardwick Hall, none arrests attention more than the portrait of Rachel, Duchess of Devonshire, and her son, a boy of some ten years, greatly resembling his beautiful mother. To the student of history this picture has a pathetic interest, almost as great as that attaching to the portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Arabella Stuart in the same collection, for the lady it represents was the elder daughter of the ill-fated patriot, William, Lord Russell, and his heroic wife, Rachel Wriothesley. Most people know something vaguely about Lady Russell, and the part she took in her husband's trial for high treason, but to very few is she much more than a name. It will be the endeavour of the writer of this sketch of her career to bring her personality clearly before the reader, and to show why it is that she is as interesting to French people as she ought to be to ourselves. It

is rather a reproach to us as a nation that of the very few "lives" of her that we possess by far the best and most sympathetic should have been written by a Frenchman, M. Guizot. His little work, the most recent historical study of Lady Russell, was published nearly forty years ago, under the title of "L'amour dans le Mariage."

Rachel Wriothesley, born in 1636, was the second daughter of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, and Rachel de Ruvigny, daughter of Henri de Massey, Baron of Ruvigny, a French Protestant noble of high standing. This lady, who was known by the title of "La belle et vertueuse Huguenotte," died when her two little girls were quite young, and their father took for his second wife a daughter of Lord Chichester. We know very little about the youthful days of the two girls. They were brought up chiefly in the country, their father having large estates in Hampshire. The elder sister, Elizabeth, married Edward Noel, afterwards Earl of Gainsborough, and Rachel espoused in her seventeenth year Francis, Lord Vaughan, eldest son of the Earl of Carberry. Their half-sister, like Lady Edward Noel, called Elizabeth, married successively the last Earl of Northumberland and the first Duke of Montagu. After Rachel's marriage, which seems to have been brought about by family arrangement more than by ardent affection, she lived mostly at Golden Grove, Lord Carberry's seat in Carmarthenshire. Here Jeremy Taylor wrote a book of devotion called by the same name. At a fire in 1729 many family

papers were destroyed, and doubtless many memorials of Lady Vaughan's youth perished at the same time. She had one child, born in 1665, which scarcely survived its birth. Lord Vaughan died not long afterwards, and in 1667 we find his widow living with her sister, Lady Edward Noel, at Titchfield, in Hampshire.

Lord Southampton died in the spring of the same year, leaving Titchfield to his eldest daughter, while Stratton, another estate in Hampshire, near Alresford, fell to the lot of Rachel Vaughan. Lady Southampton was rich, and all her husband's fortune went to the daughters of his first marriage. The maternal uncle of these two young women was the celebrated Marquis de Ruvigny, so often employed in diplomatic negotiations between France and England, and naturalized in this country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. One of his sons was killed at the battle of the Boyne, and another was created Earl of Galway by William III.

The daughters and co-heiresses of so famous a man as Lord Southampton could not fail to command much attention and consideration at the Court of Charles II. Although little inclined to approve the high-handed proceedings of Charles I. before the Rebellion, Lord Southampton had always been a consistent supporter of that monarch in his misfortunes. He was one of the few devoted friends who followed him in the midst of a blinding snowstorm to his last resting-place on February 14th, 1649, when his decapitated remains were deposited

in the vaults of St. George's, Windsor. Charles II. received large remittances from the Earl during his exile, and at the Restoration he was made Lord High Treasurer. But that he was greatly disappointed at the King's subsequent conduct is shown by the fact that he said to Chancellor Hyde, Lord Clarendon, "It is to you we owe all we either feel or fear, for if you had not possessed us in all your letters of such an opinion of the King, we would have taken care to put it out of his power to do himself or us any mischief, which is like to be the effect of our trusting him so entirely."

When Rachel Vaughan's widowhood brought her from the retirement of Wales into the great world, among the acquaintances she either made or renewed in London was that of William Russell, second son of the Earl of Bedford. This young man, three years her junior, had travelled abroad during the Protectorate of the Cromwells, and after his return to England in 1659, had been elected a Member of Parliament for Tavistock, where his family had large territorial possessions. He was a direct descendant of that learned and travelled John Russell, who, in the reign of Henry VII., received the Archduke Philip of Austria on English soil, when that prince was obliged to put into Weymouth on account of a storm. John Russell's talents and accomplishments soon won him a foremost place at Court, and in 1539 he was created Lord Russell by Henry VIII., and received a grant of the rich abbey of Tavistock. On the accession of Edward

VI. in 1547, the abbey of Woburn was likewise granted to him, and in 1550 he was created Earl of Bedford. William Russell's mother was Lady Anne Carr, daughter of the famous Earl and Countess of Somerset, convicted of the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the reign of James I., and pardoned by that monarch. The history of her parents was sedulously concealed from her, and she is said to have fainted on its accidental and abrupt disclosure in later years. Anne Carr made an excellent wife and mother, and her name stands high in the records of the Russell family. William and his elder brother Francis, Lord Russell, were sent to Cambridge in 1653, and they afterwards travelled through France, Switzerland, and parts of Germany. In 1656, William Russell sent a friend an interesting description of the Queen of Sweden's visit to Lyons, where he happened to be staying. The majestic deportment of this extraordinary woman excited his admiration, but he adds that it could be plainly seen by her postures, gestures, and actions at Mass that she was "as weary of her new religion as of her old one." We may presume that William Russell was a good Protestant even in these early days, for further on in the letter, commenting on the ascetic practices carried on in the famous Carthusian monastery near Grenoble, he says: "I could inform you of many other particulars in regard I rose in the night to see the ceremonies they used in the Church, but it would require a volume. In short, I think they take more pains in going to hell than a good Chris-

tian doth in going to heaven!" After the Restoration he entered actively into the life of the Court, and from some letters still preserved it appears that he engaged in several duels, according to the custom of the age. But the conscientious turn of his mind is plainly indicated in those very letters by the directions they contain for payment of his very moderate debts and of gratuities to his servants in case of his death.

William Russell soon became greatly attracted by the grace and sweetness of Lady Vaughan, showing, writes her half-sister in 1667, like many other suitors, an ardent desire to gain possession of a heart which would be so desirable a conquest. She received his advances with caution, being, to use her own words, in no great hurry to alter her condition once more, although she acknowledges that "so handsome a respect as I do own Mr. Russell has expressed to me deserves all the civility I can give." A few lines further down in the same letter she writes: "If I love once, I shall do so ever." The following year she asked Lord Carberry, who had begged to be informed of her wishes, not to invite Mr. Russell to meet her, adding significantly, "but if he comes of himself, let it fall out as fate designed it." A letter written by Mr. Russell to Lady Vaughan about this date shows that their liking for each other was rapidly ripening into warm affection, and towards the end of May,[1] 1669, they were

[1] *Vide* Wiffen's "House of Russell." Some other authorities give 1670 as the date of the marriage. Probably the discrepancy

married. Immediately after their wedding they went north on a round of visits, proceeding by way of Naworth Castle to Scotland. Their summers were usually spent at Stratton, Lady Vaughan's country house in Hampshire, and in London they resided at Southampton House, which stood on the north side of what is now Bloomsbury Square.

This mansion, afterwards called Bedford House, was designed by Inigo Jones. Evelyn records in his diary, February 9th, 1655, "Dined at my Lord Treasurer's, the Earl of Southampton's, in Bloomsbury, where he was building a noble square or piazza, a little town; his own house stands too low, some noble rooms, a pretty cedar chapel, a naked garden to the north, but good air." A later writer says: "It is hardly possible to conceive a finer situation than that of Bedford House" (the name was changed about 1732). It was pulled down in 1772, and its rich and artistic contents sold and dispersed. No doubt many people of distinction lived in other parts of the "little town" besides its noble owners. They dispensed a liberal hospitality both in London and in the country, and during their fourteen years of happy married life were shining examples of all the virtues which best adorn an exalted station.

The state of England at the time of Rachel Wriothesley's second marriage was very different from what it had been when she quitted her

arises from the confusion created by double dates, to indicate the old and new styles.

ancestral home with her first husband in 1653. In that year the Commonwealth, that period of struggle in which each political party in turn sought to gain the upper hand, practically came to an end, and Cromwell was established as Lord Protector of Great Britain and Ireland, with almost absolute power. All parties more or less condemned the action of Cromwell and the army; but they were forced to submit with the best grace they could. A period of considerable prosperity followed. Cromwell made the name of England respected abroad, and under a more settled form of government men were able to turn their attention to agriculture and manufactures at home, and to repair the havoc wrought all over the country by nearly a dozen years of civil war. But, like all despotisms, Cromwell's autocracy contained one fatal element of weakness: it must fall or stand with its leader, and on his death in 1658, at the comparatively early age of 59, the whole fabric collapsed. Many months of uncertainty and anarchy followed, marked by the successive efforts of Lambert, Cromwell's son-in-law, and of General Monk, to establish sole authority. Monk became early in 1660 the ruler of the hour, but either because he felt himself unequal to the task of government, or because he was convinced of the instability of a non-hereditary form of it, he entered into negotiations with the exiled King Charles II., and succeeded in bringing him to London in triumph before the summer had set in.

For fifteen years there had been no real Court in England, notwithstanding the almost kingly state and lavish expenditure maintained by Cromwell after the establishment of the Protectorate in 1653. Many of the nobility and gentry had escaped abroad, some to Henrietta Maria in France, others to the Low Countries and Germany. Those who remained in England for the most part lived retired at home, anxious to escape attracting any notice, and endeavouring to repair their shattered fortunes as best they could. Even those persons of high rank—and they were many—who had deplored the evil counsels which Charles I. was led to follow, and had openly supported the liberties of the people, withdrew from the struggle when they realized that it was only contributing to the elevation of one man, whom they considered a far more dangerous and fanatical despot than the unfortunate king, whose decapitation shocked alike their sense of justice and their most cherished traditions. Probably, therefore, Lady Vaughan saw little or nothing of London during the Commonwealth and the Protectorate. In a paper written by her in extreme old age, when the memory often harks back with almost preternatural clearness to the events of early life, after recording that she was married at seventeen, she speaks of her enjoyment of the esteemed diversions of the town, as the park, visiting plays, etc., and of preferring to go to Lord B.'s on Sunday, where there would be a great dinner and worldly talk, to the visits she sometimes paid on

that day to her father's house, where the sermon was longer and the discourse more edifying. These remarks, from the internal evidence they contain of the state of society, must refer to the period of the Restoration, when the Earl of Carberry and his family doubtless left their retreat in Wales to welcome the newly restored monarch.

Charles II. had come back to his kingdom unfettered, for scarcely any pledges had been extracted from him by a nation weary of political doctrinaires and selfish schemers. Prompted to generosity towards the son, from a sense of the scant justice and no mercy it had meted out to the father, it was only too anxious to bury all unkindness, and to believe the best of a prince who had early acquired a reputation for easy good nature. Charles, however, soon showed himself more lenient towards the vices and excesses of his own followers than towards the political prejudices and religious convictions of the old national party. The passing of the Corporation Act and the Act of Uniformity also proved how little toleration was to be extended by an obsequious majority in Parliament to those persons who could not honestly subscribe to the doctrine of the Divine rights of Church and King. The miseries attendant on the great plague and the great fire in 1665 and 1666, the sale of Dunkirk to Louis XIV., and the blockade of the Thames by the Dutch in 1667, all tended to produce discontent, and to cause people to reflect that, if the monarch was merry, the nation was not. The growing profligacy and ex-

travagance of the Court was a scandal to many, and a source of regret to thoughtful people of all ranks.

Such was the state of affairs when William Russell and his bride returned from their northern tour in the summer of 1669, and took the high place in English society to which their rank and talents entitled them. Lord Southampton, who had managed the Treasury with great ability, had been dead two years, and Lord Clarendon, who, spite of his prudence and other statesmanlike qualities, was a favourite with neither king nor people, had been disgraced and had fled the country. The Cabal ministry had gained much popular favour by the Triple Alliance concerted between England, Holland and Sweden, in 1668, with the object of checking the victorious progress of Louis XIV. But the King and his brother, the Duke of York, were always, both in politics and religion, inclined towards France, and in 1669 a secret treaty was concluded between Louis and Charles at Dover, by the instrumentality of the latter's sister Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. The gist of the provisions of the treaty was, that Louis should pay a certain subsidy to Charles on the understanding that England should in due season be publicly reconciled to the Church of Rome.

It has often been said, that nothing that is known to more than two persons can long remain a secret, and disquieting rumours of the new conjuration, which was of course directly opposed to the spirit of

the Triple Alliance, soon began to get abroad. In 1672 Charles issued a Declaration of Indulgence to Roman Catholics and Nonconformists of all kinds; but, on account of the suspicions which were rife at the time, it met with little favour, and was withdrawn next year, when the Test Act was passed, which required all officers of the Crown to prove themselves full members of the Church of England by publicly receiving the sacraments according to its rites and ceremonies.

The bishops and higher clergy, in recognition of the benefits which the Restoration had conferred on the Church of England, were inclined to show an almost servile submission to Charles II., under the plea of non-resistance to the Divine prerogative of kings. But large numbers of the laity were not to be restrained by this specious plea, and hence what was called the Country party was formed in opposition to the Court party. The former was led in the House of Commons by William Russell and his friend Lord Cavendish, eldest son of the Earl of Devonshire. It offered a strictly constitutional opposition to public measures hurtful to the liberties of the people, and, as far as the titular chiefs were concerned, never went further than this, though it is fairly well established that several of its members were drawn into plots against the king and his brother.

The Duke of York, who had been Lord High Admiral, and had defeated the Dutch, with whom war had been declared by England on various pre-

texts, in Southwold Bay, in 1672, withdrew from the public service on the passing of the Test Act. He had long been a Roman Catholic at heart, and his first wife, Clarendon's daughter, died in that faith. The public declaration of his change of religion was soon followed by the announcement of his marriage with a Roman Catholic princess, Mary of Modena. This event caused much disquietude in many minds on the question of the succession to the Crown. Charles had no legitimate children, and the surviving family of James by his first wife consisted of two daughters. In order to prevent the succession of a possible son of James and Mary of Modena, the Earl of Carlisle moved in the House of Lords, that any prince of the blood marrying a Roman Catholic should forfeit his right to the Crown. The motion was rejected, but the action was significant. That the Earl was a close friend—as well as a connection—of William Russell and Lady Vaughan may be inferred from the fact that they visited him at Naworth on their wedding tour.

The uncle of Lady Vaughan (she retained the title derived from her first husband until 1678, when William Russell became Lord Russell and heir-apparent to the Earldom of Bedford by the death of his elder brother), already spoken of, the Marquis de Ruvigny, was appointed French ambassador at the Court of St. James in 1674. This appointment may be considered a double stroke of policy on the part of Louis XIV. Ruvigny was an able statesman, and acceptable to Charles II. as a near con-

nection of his faithful treasurer, Lord Southampton. The fact of his being a French Protestant recommended him to a large section of the English people; and it was also calculated to lull their suspicions of the French King's design to induce Charles II. to decree a national change of faith. The political history of this part of Charles's reign may be briefly epitomised as a continual struggle on the King's part to maintain his allegiance to Louis XIV., and an equal determination on the part of the Parliament, or, at least, of what we should now call the Liberal party in it, to resist Roman Catholic influence, and to identify the nation with the Dutch as upholders of civil and religious liberty. The keen interest taken by Lady Vaughan in political matters, and her intimate knowledge of State affairs, is shown by a letter written to her husband—evidently absent from London for a short time—in April, 1677, in which she gives him certain information gained from her cousin Spencer[1] on a question of supply. She begins her letter with the loving words, "All my ends and designs in this world are, to be as useful and acceptable to my Mr. Russell as I can; to deserve better, if I could, the dear and real kindness I faithfully believe his goodness suffers me to enjoy."

Shortly after this the Prince of Orange arrived in England to celebrate his marriage with the Duke of York's eldest daughter Mary. This princess and

[1] Robert Spencer, son of Lord Spencer of Wormleighton, and Penelope Wriothesley, sister of the Lord Treasurer, Southampton.

her sister Anne had both been educated as members of the Church of England, a politic action on the part of Charles II. calculated to set at rest doubts of his own fidelity to the reformed faith. In the next year we find Lord Russell supporting an address from the House of Commons to the King, praying that war might be declared against France. An enigmatic note from Lady Russell to her husband just at this period has been preserved, couched in the following words: "My sister being here tells me she overheard you tell her lord last night that you would take notice of the business (you know what I mean) in the House; this alarms me, and I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly if you have or mean to do it. If you do, I am most assured you will repent it. I beg once more to know the truth. It is more pain to be in doubt, and to your sister too! and if I have any interest, I use it to beg your silence in this case, at least to-day."

There is little doubt from this letter that Lady Russell was growing alarmed at her husband's boldness in openly associating himself with the opponents of the royal will. He had always bravely stood up for faith and freedom in the House of Commons, but Lady Russell's note seems to point to a more direct and personal attack on the double-dealing of the King and the sycophancy of his favourite counsellors. The history of the next three or four years is nothing but a continuous record of endeavours by the Country party to effect the exclusion of the Duke of York from the succes-

sion, and of intrigues, plots, and counterplots to compass or defeat the same end. The King formally dismissed his fifth Parliament at Oxford in 1681, and henceforth ruled without one.

We get many glimpses of the home life of Lord and Lady Russell in the letters of the latter during these years of political agitation. Their elder daughter, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire, was born in 1674; the younger, afterwards Duchess of Rutland, in 1676; and their only son, afterwards Duke of Bedford, on November 1st, 1680. On September 30th, 1681, Lady Russell wrote to her husband from Stratton, whither she had preceded him from London: "Your boy will please you; you will, I think, find him improved, though I tell you so beforehand. They fancy he wanted you, for as soon as I alighted he followed, calling 'Papa'; but I suppose it is the word he has most command of, so I was not disobliged by the little fellow. The girls were in remembrance of the happy 29th September (their father's birthday), and we drank your health, after a red-deer pie; and at night the girls and I supped on a sack-posset; nay, master (the baby-boy) would have his soon, and for heat burnt his fingers in the posset, but he does but rub his hands for it."

This charming family picture seems strangely at variance with our ideas of the dissolute licence of domestic life in the days of Charles II.; but the truth is, as Lord John Russell[1] says, in his life of

[1] Lord John Russell, created Earl Russell in 1861, published

his great ancestor, that the mass of the English gentry did not follow the example of their sovereign, and he who examined beneath the surface would have found the soil rich in honour and virtue.

Honour and virtue were not confined to families living remote from the Court, for, as it is the aim of this little volume to show, several persons of distinguished abilities and the strictest integrity of life were to be found in the foremost rank in London society, not to speak of many more who were no doubt equally scrupulous in their conduct, but whose talents were not sufficiently brilliant to cause their names to be preserved. In an age of greater independence we may ask why all these persons continued to frequent the Court, and did not mark their disapproval of the King's dissolute and venal conduct by abstaining from entering the precincts of Whitehall. While we may justly infer that they would have gone to Court much more than they did if it had afforded purer attractions, we must not forget the exceptional circumstances of time and place which induced them to pay a certain homage to their sovereign. Charles II. had been brought back by acclamation to the throne of his ancestors, and all those who had in any way joined in the cry of relief which arose in 1660, at the prospect of deliverance from the evil days that followed Oliver Cromwell's death, felt it a point of honour to sup-

a "Life of William, Lord Russell," in 1819, and "The Letters of Rachel, Lady Russell," in 1853; this is the edition of the letters quoted in the present volume.

port as far as they possibly could the prince who had been called to rule over them by their own deliberate choice. Moreover, the position of the Queen commanded sympathy and respect. If not interesting or brilliant, Catherine of Braganza was blameless and amiable, and bore with patient dignity the presence of her husband's mistresses, knowing full well that she was powerless to banish them from the precincts of the Court. The King, too, with all his failings, possessed an English *bonhomie* of demeanour, and certain characteristic English habits which always exercised considerable fascination over the people, and caused even high-minded persons of rank to regard his faults with a more indulgent eye than if he had been a merely slothful voluptuary.

In that wonderful chapter in which Macaulay describes the circumstances attendant on the King's last days, the historian does not fail to lay stress upon his prowess as a tennis player, his extraordinary walking powers, and the early hour at which he rose for the express purpose of enjoying outdoor occupations. His elastic spirits and cheerful temper never deserted him until the shadow of his fatal illness rested upon him. Nowhere in any of her letters does Lady Russell pass such scathing judgment upon him as she bestows upon Louis XIV., with whose character she had ample means of becoming closely acquainted through her uncle and cousins. That Charles II. could be severe, and even unjust and cruel on occasion, is

a side of his character which we shall have to consider further on.

During all the happy years of her married life, Lady Russell evidently made it a practice to go to Whitehall to offer birthday and New Year's greetings. In 1675, she mentions incidentally that she played at Whitehall; and on New Year's day, 1679, she records that she made a dozen visits, and concluded at Whitehall, adding, "I learnt nothing there, but that the Queen had cried heartily; her eyes made it very visible; but she was very lively. She was at cards with Lady Sunderland and Lady Betty Felton." The poor Queen was then smarting under the accusations of the infamous Oates and Bedloe, who had accused her of intending to poison the King, in connection with their pretended Popish plot. As Evelyn justly says, nothing could have been further from the thoughts of "that pious and virtuous lady." Basset and other games of cards were the invariable amusements of society at that time. In her letters to her husband, Lady Russell often mentions that company are playing in her rooms while she writes; and sometimes that her guests are impatiently waiting for her to take a hand. The family circle was rather a large one on her husband's side, comprising, besides many cousins and connections, his father and mother, four brothers—of whom the most frequently mentioned is Mr. James Russell—and two sisters: Diana, first married to Sir Greville Verney, and secondly to Lord Allington, Constable of the Tower; and

Margaret, afterwards Countess of Orford. Lady Russell's allusions to "my sister Allington"[1] are many, and she seems to have lived on the best of terms with all her husband's family, regarding the Earl of Bedford quite in the light of a father. Her own sister, Lady Gainsborough, died at a comparatively early age in 1679. Rachel Russell loved her devotedly, and mourned her as "a delicious friend" and the best of sisters. Many references to her half-sister, Lady Northumberland, whose second husband was Mr. Montagu, Ambassador to France, afterwards created Duke of Montagu, occur in Lady Russell's letters. Lady Northumberland and Mr. Montagu built Montagu House, where the British Museum now stands, for a town residence. Its gardens adjoined those of Southampton House, and the sisters were frequently in company. Lady Ogle, Lady Northumberland's only daughter by her first marriage, was influenced by her paternal grandmother to act in opposition to the wishes of her mother, and in 1679 her Aunt Rachel addressed a most kindly expressed and judicious letter to her, advising her in the strongest terms to show herself a dutiful daughter to "a parent of whose tender kindness she could not but be convinced."

[1] There is a curious passage in one of Lady Russell's letters to her husband, evidently addressed to him at Woburn: "My sister Allington desires you to bring her some larks from Dunstable (still famous for these birds). I forgot to send her of mine, so have not confessed I had any, unless she hears otherwise of them."

In 1681 Lady Ogle went through the ceremony of marriage with Mr. T. Thynne, afterwards murdered by Count Königsmarck; and she subsequently espoused the Duke of Somerset. Her influence became considerable during Queen Anne's reign, and she was lampooned by Swift in the "Windsor Prophecy." The Earl of Essex, whose friendship with Lord Russell was subsequently so fatal to the latter, was Lady Ogle's uncle by marriage. Lady Russell frequently mentions him in her letters to her husband, as well as the Sidneys, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Lord Cavendish, and many others.

Life was evidently very full and bright for Lady Russell during all these happy years. In one of her letters she mentions a visit she paid with her husband's sisters to a Dutch woman in Paternoster Row. This, says Lord John Russell, was no doubt an India house, or warehouse, where tea and china were to be purchased. Visits to these India houses were favourite diversions among fine ladies. In 1678 she went to Tunbridge Wells with her two little girls, and she gives a long description of her journey, and of the accommodation offered to visitors at the Wells. In 1680 the Duke of Hanover, afterwards George I., came to England with the idea of wooing the Princess Anne, afterwards Queen. Lady Russell writes: "They say this young Hanover is one of the handsomest and best bred men of the age; spends now in the Academy £20,000 a year." This account does not at all accord with

our notions of George I. when King of England. The Princess Anne did not marry Prince George of Denmark till 1684.

The most charming side of Lady Russell's character is, however, shown in the many references she makes in her letters to the strong affection that existed between herself and her husband, and in the delightful sketches she gives of her children for the benefit of her absent lord. Among the very few letters from Lord Russell to his wife which have been preserved is one written from Basing, the Marquess of Winchester's[1] place, on February 8th, 1678–9 :—

"I am stole from a great many gentlemen into the drawing-room at Basing, for a moment, to tell my dearest I have thought of her being here the last time, and wished for her a thousand times; but in vain, alas! for I am just going now to Stratton, and want the chariot, and my dearest dear in it. I hope to be with you on Saturday. We have had a very troublesome journey of it, and insignificant enough, by the fairness and excess of civility of somebody; but more of that when I see you. I long for the time, and am, more than you can imagine, your

"RUSSELL."

[1] Lord Russell calls his wife "my lady Marquesse," and in a note the editor of Lady Russell's letters remarks that the title of Marchioness was not yet in use. The wife of a Marquess was called a Marquesse.

This letter alone would afford ample evidence of Lord Russell's devotion to his wife, deep and ardent as ever after ten years of marriage.

Lady Russell's references to the children are so frequent throughout her letters that it is not possible to cite them all; but the following extracts will be read with interest:—

August 15*th*, 1675. "Though I did wish my best life would not give himself the trouble of writing to me so soon, yet I desire he will believe there is no earthly thing can please me so well as what he says to me; so that when I cannot hear him speak, his letters are my best delight; though I am with our little girl who is, I bless God, very well, and extremely merry, and often calls Papa. She gets new pretty tricks every day. . . . I am going to see Miss end her supper, and then undress, at which time she is very pleasant."

London, *April* 12*th*, 1677. "Your girls very well; Miss Rachel has prattled a long story; but Watkins[1] calls for my letter, so I must omit it.

"She says papa has sent for her to Wobee, and then she gallops and says she has been there, and a great deal more; but boiled oysters call, so my story must rest. She will send no duty, she is positive in it. I present you all any creature can pay; I owe you as much."

[1] The house steward. Perhaps we may infer from his Welsh cognomen that he had been a retainer of Lady Russell before her second marriage. After Lord Russell's death he went into the service of Lord Camden.

In a letter written from Stratton in 1681, she adds in a postscript, "Miss brings her mite" (a letter she had written); "but there has been almost wet eyes about it, she thinks it so ill done."

In 1682, from the same place, she writes: "I staid till I came from church, that I might as late as I could tell you all your concerns here are just as you left them. The young man" (her two-year-old son) "as mad, winking at me, and striking with his drumstick whatever comes to his reach. . . . I know nothing since you went; but I know as certainly as I live that I have been for twelve years as passionate a lover as ever woman was, and hope to be so one twelve years more."

This hope was not destined to be fulfilled on earth, and the story of the sad termination of all this happiness must now be told. Several passages in her letters show that Lady Russell was gradually beginning to get anxious for her husband's safety. Early in 1679 she writes: "Your tasks are likely to be difficult in town and country; I pray God direct your judgment in all your actions." In March, 1681, the King assembled a Parliament at Oxford, and Lady Russell sends this postscript to her husband: "Look to your pockets; a printed paper says you will have fine papers put into them, and then witnesses to swear." Treachery was evidently to be apprehended, and Lady Russell well knew that her lord had incurred the displeasure of the royal brothers by his advocacy of the Exclusion Bill, and other manifestations of an in-

dependent spirit in State affairs. In the previous autumn she had written banteringly, "I hear you had the opportunity of making your court handsomely at Bagshot" (to the Duke of York), "if you had had the grace to have taken the good fortune offered."

Without entering very deeply into the political history of the time, it is easy to see that this was an age of plots and informers. In their suspicions of one another, and in their readiness to believe in conspiracies declared to have been hatched by their rivals, both parties were very much alike. The Popish Plot of 1678, which the dispassionate judgment of later days pronounces to have been invented by the fertile brains of the very persons who pretended to disclose it, claimed its full share of victims, and finally brought the head of Lord Stafford to the block in 1680. Lord Stafford was an old man of nearly threescore years and ten; but if we may believe the testimony of Evelyn, he was a favourite with no one, not even with those of his own household, and his fate therefore excited much less compassion than it deserved. Party rancour was, however, sufficiently stirred by it to justify Macaulay's remark, that a judicious observer might easily have predicted that the blood then shed would shortly have blood. Lord Russell, whose Protestant sympathies were very keen and easily excited, was, like all his party, firmly convinced of the reality of the Popish Plot, and of the necessity of bringing the persons implicated in it to justice.

By 1682, the Country, or, as it now began to be

called, the Whig[1] party, had recovered from the semi-stupefaction into which the King's abrupt dismissal of Parliament the year before, and his determination to govern without one, had at first thrown it. The Earl of Shaftesbury, who, as Lord Ashley, had been a member of the Cabal ministry, a man of considerable ability, but utterly without principle, and caring for nothing but his own political importance, was more than ready to encourage any schemes of resistance to the King's will, after he was dismissed from the presidency of the Council. In the autumn of 1682, when great excitement was created in London by the Lord Mayor's forcible election of sheriffs agreeable to the Court, Lord Shaftesbury attempted to raise an insurrection in the city; but finding that he was not supported by the Whig chiefs, and fearing that he would be arrested, he fled to Holland, where he died early in the following year.

Lord Russell and Lord Cavendish had, with the King's ready permission, withdrawn from the Privy Council, to which they had been admitted the year before under the ministry of Sir William Temple, at the end of January, 1680; and after the rejection of the Exclusion Bill by the House of Lords in 1681 and the dismissal of the House of Commons, there was, of course, no question of reconciliation.

[1] Whig and Tory came into use as distinctive party names in 1679. Whig was originally a nickname given some years before to the insurgent Scotch Covenanters, while the Roman Catholic outlaws in Ireland were called Tories.

between the leaders of the Whig party and the King and the Duke of York. Lord Russell earnestly desired that a new Parliament should be called, in order that a constitutional form of government should be resumed; and no doubt he and his friends often met to discuss the situation, and to concert measures for bringing matters to a satisfactory issue. Rumours of these meetings could not fail to get abroad; and taking into account the passion for imagining plots which characterized the age, it is not difficult to understand how these innocent deliberations were magnified into murderous conspirations against the reigning family. Moreover, some of the very persons who, from necessity or deliberate choice, were admitted to the meetings were either playing, or quite ready to play, a double game. Into the question of the reality of the Rye House Plot, a scheme for assassinating the King and the Duke of York at a farm-house near Newmarket, we are not here concerned to inquire. Lord John Russell and other writers, after weighing all the evidence, have come to the conclusion that no such conspiracy existed. Lord Russell was, moreover, never seriously accused of participating in this scheme; but Keeling, an unsuccessful vintner of low character, went to Legge, a member of the Privy Council, lately created Lord Dartmouth, and deposed that Lord Russell, Lord Essex, and other gentlemen of high rank, had agreed to effect a rising in different parts of the country, and to seize the King's guards in London. Information of the discovery of the

alleged conspiracy was at once sent to the King, and on his return to London, warrants were issued for the apprehension of all the persons implicated. Lord Russell was brought before the Council, and committed to the Tower on June 26th, 1683. It is said that he might have escaped before his arrest, as, although the front entrance to Southampton House was watched until the King's arrival in town, the back gate was unguarded, but that he felt so sure of being able to prove his innocence of the charges brought against him, that he refused to take a step which might be construed into an admission of guilt. Lord Essex was taken at Cassiobury, his seat in Essex, and conveyed to the Tower; Algernon Sidney, brother of the Earl of Leicester, a pure-minded Republican by conviction, was also arrested and committed to the same fortress. The Duke of Monmouth, the King's favourite natural son, was one of the accused, but by timely submission and mean implication of other persons, he quickly secured his father's pardon, and soon afterwards conveniently withdrew to Holland. Lord Howard, of Escrick, "that monster of a man," as Evelyn justly calls him, turned informer to save his own life; and Colonel Rumsey, a man of inferior rank and an old Parliamentary soldier, followed his example. On July 13th, Lord Russell was impeached of high treason at the Old Bailey. The chief accusations against him were that he had conspired with other persons, called a Council of Six, to effect a general rising before Lord Shaftes-

bury's flight in the preceding autumn, and that he had afterwards attended meetings at a house in the city for the same purpose, when arrangements were also made for seizing the guards. The principal witnesses in support of the charge were Lord Howard, Colonel Rumsey and Shephard, proprietor of the house above referred to. Lord Russell, who pleaded "not guilty," made several legal objections to the form of the accusation and to the qualifications of the jurors, but they were overruled, and the trial was proceeded with. A careful perusal of the evidence is sufficient to convince any unprejudiced person that it was miserably weak and insufficient, and that the witnesses were entirely actuated by motives of self-interest. Lord Russell's asseveration that he looked upon raising a rebellion as wicked and impracticable, and that he never desired anything to be redressed but in a parliamentary and legal way, is fully borne out by all we know of his principles and of his previous conduct. The Lord Chief Justice, Pemberton, was evidently in favour of the prisoner, but it is scarcely surprising that a judge, knowing the temper of the King, should, in an age of official sycophancy, fail to show the courage of his opinions. Sergeant Jeffreys, well known afterwards as a cruel and detested judge, was one of the leading counsel on the side of the Crown. John Holt, a man of high character and great learning, and a famous Chief Justice during the reigns of William and Mary and Queen Anne,[1] was one of

[1] Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chief Justices," says that

those chosen to represent Lord Russell. Counsel were, however, of little use to prisoners under the old law of high treason, and Lord Russell was convicted by the jury of having conspired the death of the King.

The most affecting feature of the trial was the presence of Lady Russell at her husband's side. At an early stage of the proceedings, Lord Russell asked if he might have somebody to write to help his memory, and the Lord Chief Justice observed that any of his servants might assist him. Lord Russell replied: "My wife is here, my Lord, to do it." She had written him a short note the night before, begging him to ask that she might be allowed to do him this service. Few historical incidents equal in pathos the situation of Lady Russell during that long and anxious day when her husband's life hung in the balance, busily, breathlessly taking down the arguments used on both sides, the evidence given against him, and, we may also add, the testimony borne to his spotless virtue by many faithful friends, among whom Lord Anglesey, Lord Cavendish, the Duke of Somerset, Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury, and Dr. Burnett may be mentioned. On the morning of the trial, it was announced in

Holt belonged to a respectable gentleman's family, seated in Oxfordshire. He was really a native of the parish of Cumnor, Berks, where the register of his baptism is still preserved, dated January 5th, 1642. His father, Thomas Holt, became Recorder of Abingdon, and his mother was Susanna Peacock, of Chawley, Cumnor.

court that Lord Essex had been found dead in the Tower, apparently killed by his own hand,[1] and this untoward event was thought to have exercised an unfavourable influence on Lord Russell's fate, as evidence of the guilt and remorse of one of his chief associates and friends.

As soon as the trial was over, Lady Russell, with that courage in the face of danger which is a distinguishing characteristic of all great souls, bent her whole energies to the saving of her husband's life. Until the last great tragedy had been enacted she neither flagged nor wavered, and during the terrible week of suspense before the end came, we find her at one moment visiting Lord Russell in prison with a composed and even cheerful countenance, and at the next straining every nerve to compass his deliverance from the dreadful doom to which he had been so ruthlessly condemned.

All her efforts were, however, in vain; the King would not hear of pardon, and though the Duke of York listened politely to the representations made to him by Lord Russell's friends, he gave no sign of desiring his brother to relent. Charles asserted to some persons that he could not grant pardon to Lord Russell without seriously affronting the Duke of York; while he said to others that he could not give life to a man who would certainly take his own if he had the chance. Probably the real reason of

[1] According to Rapin, Lord Essex's son and many others thought he was murdered, and that he fell a victim to the revenge of the King and the Duke.

his refusal was that he feared and disliked Lord Russell, because he was convinced that he at least was an exception to his own aphorism that every man has his price. Charles could condone any amount of weakness and double-dealing; nay, we may almost say that he liked men the better for these faults, because he was the more sure of ultimately making them subservient to his own ends. But unflinching devotion to principle and duty seemed to him simple fanaticism, and it called forth all his active hatred and distrust. There is little doubt that Lord Russell fell a victim to the personal antipathy of a sovereign incapable of duly appreciating a character so upright and sincere, and so entirely uninfluenced by selfish motives.

In her exertions on behalf of her husband Lady Russell was actively assisted by his father, the venerable Earl of Bedford. That a large reward was offered to the King's favourite mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, if she could use her influence successfully with her royal lover, is but another sign of the corruption of the Court at this period. Lady Russell's uncle, the Marquis de Ruvigny, begged Louis XIV. to intercede with Charles, and a letter is preserved in the French archives from Barillon, the French ambassador in London, to his master, which proves that an unsuccessful and perhaps not very serious effort was made to save Lord Russell by the direction of the French king. Lord Dartmouth urged that some regard was due to Southampton's daughter and her

children; but Charles was inexorable, and turned a deaf ear to all arguments. The noble prisoner himself, urged by his friends and earnestly entreated by his wife, wrote to the King and to the Duke of York, offering to live abroad and to retire altogether from English politics if his life might be spared to his family. But Lord Russell would not retract a single article of his opinions on the lawfulness of resistance to arbitrary exercise of the royal prerogative, and refused all the solicitations of Dean Tillotson and Dr. Burnett on this point.

The best account we possess of Lord Russell's last days in prison[1] is given by Burnett in his "History of His Own Times," and in a somewhat more detailed paper he wrote for Lady Russell. Burnett, who was preacher at the Rolls Chapel and Lecturer of St. Clement Danes, was already well known by his "History of the Reformation." He was a personal friend of the family at Southampton House, and gave testimony at the trial to Lord Russell's high character and integrity. Burnett was with him part of every day prior to his execution. On Monday they talked of public matters in general, and on Tuesday Lord Russell went over the heads of the paper he meant to leave behind him. "After two hours' discourse," says Burnett, "my lady came. He dined, ate and drank as heartily, and did everything in as cheerful a manner as he used to do. Then he heard (though but doubtfully) that Saturday was the day; so he wished

[1] In Newgate, whither he was removed after the trial.

to have two days more, that he might finish his paper. After dinner he called for tea, and talked of the state of Hungary, and the affairs of Europe, just as he used to do. When my lady was gone, he expressed great joy in the magnanimity of spirit he saw in her, and said parting with her was the greatest thing he had to do, for he was afraid she would be hardly able to bear it. The concern about preserving him filled her mind so now, that it in some measure supported her; but when that would be over, he feared the quickness of her spirits would work all within her. From this he turned to speak of his condition, which he did in the same strain he had done the day before. He said he was still very glad he had not fled, for he could not have lived from his children, and wife, and friends. That was all the happiness he saw in life."

"On Thursday," he continues, "my lady came in, and told him the respite till Monday was denied. This touched him a little; but I perceived it only in his looks. He said nothing but that he thought such a thing was never denied to common felons; yet when he considered what he had done with his papers, he was presently very well satisfied, and said afterwards he was glad it was not granted, for all he desired it for was, that he might have one whole day for the concerns of his soul, and have nothing to mix with them. So he dined, and after dinner wrote his letter to the King. Then he wrote the speech he intended to make to the sheriffs.

. . . . Then he was more composed than ever, for all was done that could have given him any uneasy work to his thoughts. He spoke of all the people that had appeared against him, particularly of Lord Howard, with great pity, but with no resentment. He said he had been well enough known before, but now it was so much better, that he could betray nobody any more. When my lady went, he said he wished she would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation. But when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow afterwards, that she had left nothing undone that could have given any probable hopes, he acquiesced; and, indeed, I never saw his heart so failing him as when he spoke of her. Sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about and presently change the discourse. He resolved to receive the sacrament on Friday, and so resolved to spend that day as he intended to have done the Lord's day, had he lived so long. The sacrament was to be given him in the morning, because of Captain Richardson's attendance on the other executions[1] that day. So the Dean of Canterbury, who was with him every day except Thursday (in which he was engaged), came in the morning, and gave it him according to the Common Prayer; which he received with that grave and sedate devotion that still appeared in him.

[1] Of Walcot, Hone, and Rowse, condemned to death for participation in the Rye House Plot, on the evidence of Rumsey, Keeling, and others.

. . . After dinner he signed the copies of his papers, and wished it might be that night sent to the press, which my lady ordered by his directions. After dinner his children were brought to him. I saw him receive them with his ordinary serenity, but I staid not till he dismissed them. I left him for about three hours, and came to him at eight o'clock. He supped very cheerfully, and after supper fell into a long and pleasant discourse of his two daughters and of several other things. He desired me to pray both before supper and at his parting with my lady. He talked of several passages concerning dying men with that freedom in his spiritt hat made us all stare upon one another. And when a note was sent to my lady of a new project for his preservation, he did so treat it in ridicule that I was amazed, and I wondered much that when he saw us that were about him not able to contain our griefs, he who was so tender himself was not by that more softened.

"At ten o'clock my lady left him. He kissed her four or five times; and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. After she was gone, he said, 'Now the bitterness of death is past,' and ran out into a long discourse concerning her—how great a blessing she had been to him; and said what a misery it would have been to him if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life; 'whereas, what a week should

I have passed if she had been crying on me to turn informer and be a Lord Howard!' Though he then repeated what he had often said before, that he knew of nothing whereby the peace of the nation was in danger; and that all that ever was, was either loose discourse, or at most embryos, that never came to anything; so that there was nothing on foot to his knowledge. But he left that discourse, and returned to speak of my lady. He said there was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to him; but her carriage in his extremity was beyond all. He said he was glad she and his children were to lose nothing by his death; and it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such a mother's hands, and that she had promised him to take care of herself for their sakes, which I heard her do. Then he left this discourse and talked of his change—how great a change death made, and how wonderful those new scenes would strike on the soul. He had heard how some that had been born blind were struck, when, by the couching of their cataracts, they saw; 'but what,' said he, 'if the first thing one saw were the sun rising?'"

He slept well during the night, was called early, and prayed with the Dean and Dr. Burnett. These divines looked at one another in amazement at his cheerful serenity. When he asked what he should give the executioner, Burnett told him ten guineas, on which he said, with a smile, that it was a pretty

thing to give a fee to have his head cut off. Lord Cavendish, who had generously offered to manage his escape by exchanging clothes with him in prison, came to wish him a last good-bye before he entered his coach. After a tender leave-taking, Lord Russell turned back and earnestly pressed his friend to apply himself more to religion, telling him what great comfort and support he himself felt from it in his extremity. The scaffold had been erected in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and as the procession turned into Little Queen Street, Lord Russell looked towards his own house, and the Dean of Canterbury observed a tear or two to fall from him. He gave his ring to the Dean, and his watch to Dr. Burnett on the scaffold, bidding the latter to go to Southampton House and Bedford House to execute certain commissions. His speech to the sheriffs was very short, for he had left all he desired to say in the written paper, printed and circulated immediately after his death. The executioner severed his head from his body at two strokes. He was buried at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, the place of sepulture of the Russell family.

Thus fell William, Lord Russell, in the flower of his age, a victim to the tyranny and cruelty of that in many ways hideous old world which is often pronounced to have been so much better than our own. For many years he had been the foremost defender of English liberties, and though he was not free from the prejudices of his time and party, he was always actuated by the purest motives. In

those days all persons who were sincere in their religious convictions were more or less intolerant, and Lord Russell's suspicions of the Popish party were shared by large numbers of his countrymen. Subsequent events proved that their distrust of the Duke of York and his supporters was by no means unwarranted. The social and domestic virtues of Lord Russell would have made him conspicuous among men of rank in any age, and we may regard him as an Englishman of the highest type, a true patriot, pure in thought, word, and deed, scorning meanness and subterfuge wherever he found it. One who knew him well declared at his trial that he was considered to be the best of sons, the best of fathers, the best of masters, the best of husbands, the best of friends, and the best of Christians; and the judgment of posterity has amply confirmed this exalted opinion of his character.

It is scarcely possible to overestimate the influence of Lady Russell upon the development of her husband's noble qualities, though it would perhaps be more correct to speak of their influence upon one another. Previous to their marriage, William Russell had shown no very special aptitude for politics, and his life had been that of most other young men of fashion; while Lady Vaughan was only known to the world as an amiable, modest young woman, however deeply her immediate relatives may have appreciated her worth. Her truly great characteristics, her firmness, constancy, sound judgment, and the even balance of her mind, were

all manifested after her second marriage called her to take the prominent place in English society which belonged to her as the co-heiress of one great noble, and the eldest daughter-in-law of another. The more impetuous character of her husband and his ardent affection for her quickened into activity many feelings that had previously lain dormant in her soul. Responsive to all her husband's love and trust in matters of the heart, she had the further happiness of being, both from training and conviction, of one mind with him in public affairs. But while she shared his religious and political views, her cooler discernment enabled her to restrain his ardour for truth and justice within prudent limits, and it was only an unhappy accident which at last placed it within the power of his enemies to represent him as the aider and abettor of treasonable designs. In all her agony for his loss, Lady Russell never lets fall a word which can be construed into anything like are proach for rashness and foolhardiness on his part, and it is certain that all his political action during the last few years of his life had her complete approval.

The portraits of Lord Russell which have been engraved, show him to have been rather full faced, with well-formed, regular features and a strongly marked brow. He wore curled hair, and a cravat of rich lace. Like most gentlemen of his time, he was probably very particular in his attire. Burnett bears unconscious testimony to his usual habits when he tells us that on the morning of his execution

Lord Russell remarked, as an excuse for dressing quickly, that he was not concerned in his good looks that day.

In a charming miniature of Lady Russell, by Boit, formerly belonging to Earl Spencer, now in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, she is painted in a black dress and veil. The graceful poise of the head, the delicate features, large expressive eyes, and well-developed forehead, shaded by a few soft locks of hair, make this one of the most fascinating portraits imaginable. If the miniature was taken after her second husband's death, Lady Russell must have preserved her youth in an extraordinary degree, for she had passed her forty-sixth birthday when the great sorrow of her life fell upon her.

Directly after her husband's execution, Lady Russell retired to Woburn with her children. Great dissatisfaction was felt in high quarters at the tenor of the paper handed by Lord Russell to the sheriffs, and on account of some turns of expression used in it, attempts were made to prove that it had really been written by Burnett. In consequence of his fidelity to Lord Russell, Burnett was degraded from his office of Preacher at St. Clement Danes, and he remained in much disfavour with the Court[1] until the accession of William and Mary. One of Lady Russell's first acts was to write a letter to the King, in which she solemnly declared that the paper in dispute was entirely her husband's composition.

[1] He retired to Scotland, and thence went to Holland, where he married a lady of large fortune.

The letter concludes: "I hope I have written nothing in this that will displease your Majesty. If I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief, and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your Majesty's father in his greatest extremities, and your Majesty in your greatest posts, and one that is not conscious of having ever done anything to offend you."

Save in matters that concerned her children and near relatives, years almost elapsed before Lady Russell could turn her attention to worldly affairs, and the greater number of the letters which she wrote during the remainder of the seventeenth century are addressed to Dr. Fitzwilliam and other divines who did their best to give her spiritual consolation. Dr. Fitzwilliam had been her father's chaplain, and he was afterwards chaplain to the Duke of York, before that prince openly joined the Church of Rome. He was Rector of Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, and a Canon of Windsor. Almost the first reference to passing events that Lady Russell makes in her letters to Dr. Fitzwilliam is to the great severity of the weather in the winter following her husband's death. On February 22nd, 1684, she writes from Woburn: "The rigour of the season has been extreme as ever was known sure (*i.e.* for certain) in England, or in these parts of the world; but a little time and patience has carried us through all the inconveniences and hardship of it, yet not without very great and sharp sufferings to numbers of the poorer sort." Evelyn records in his

diary that the Thames was frozen over on December 23rd, 1683, and on January 1st, 1684, he says: "The weather continuing intolerably severe, streets of booths were set upon the Thames; the air was so very thick, as for many years there had not been the like." Meanwhile the small-pox, that scourge of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was raging in London. Meat was roasted on the Thames, and carriages and horses were freely driven across it. Towards the end of January coaches were regularly plied on the water from Westminster to the Temple, and the river presented the aspect of a carnival from the number of amusements carried on upon it. Numbers of forest trees were split, and looked as if they had been struck by lightning. Birds and fish and all exotic plants perished. Meanwhile, fuel was so dear that great contributions were needed to keep the poor alive, and many men and cattle died from the cold.

Towards the end of April, Lady Russell thought of going to "that now desolate place, Stratton," for a few days, where, she says, "I must expect new amazing reflections at first, it being a place where I have lived in full and sweet content, considered the condition of others, and thought that none deserved my envy; but I must pass no more such days on earth. However, places are indeed nothing. Where can I dwell, that his figure is not present to me?"

The death of the Countess of Bedford early in May caused her to put off her intended visit

to Stratton. She took the opportunity of Lady Bedford's funeral to go to Chenies to see her husband's burial place. She records that not three months before her "precious and delicious friend" was carried there, he had desired that she would design a little monument for them both, to be erected in future years. A day had been fixed for them to visit the place together, but it was postponed because their infant son was ailing. The boy does not appear to have been very strong in early youth, for he was seriously ill in the summer of 1684. In a letter written by his mother soon after his recovery, occurs the following touching passage: "God has been pitiful to my small grace, and removed a threatened blow, which must have quickened my sorrows, if not added to them—the loss of my poor boy. He has been ill, and God has let me see the folly of my imaginations, which made me apt to conclude that I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be a matter of much anguish, or its possession of any considerable refreshment. I have felt the falseness of the first notion, for I know not how to part, with tolerable ease, from the little creature." Many bereaved souls have gone through the same experience as Lady Russell when a second misfortune has threatened them, but few have expressed their feelings in such simple and graphic language. The Earl of Bedford was only less relieved than Lady Russell at the recovery of his grandson. In a letter he wrote to his "dearest daughter" on July 7th, he pours out his soul in

thankfulness to God for sparing the beloved child, concluding: "My dear love and blessing to my dear boy and Mrs. Rachel. I am much cheered by Mrs. Karterine's company."

Lady Russell appears to have been staying at Totteridge, on the borders of Middlesex and Hertfordshire, at this time. In October she writes: "I am resolved to try that desolate habitation of mine in London this winter. The doctor agrees that it is the best place for my boy." The marriages and worldly concerns of the children of her deceased sister Elizabeth, Countess of Gainsborough, occupied her attention a good deal at this period. She was greatly attached to them. "They are children," she says, "whose least concern touches me to the quick. Their mother was a delicious friend; sure nobody has enjoyed more pleasure and tender kindnesses of a husband and sister than myself, yet how apt I am to be fretful that I must not still do so! but I must follow that which seems to be the will of God, how unacceptable soever it may be to me."

Monmouth's rebellion, which took place just two years after the loss of her husband, agitated her deeply. She found some slight consolation in the thought that the latter had been removed from the evil to come, with its manifold perils for all the Whig party, though she knew that he "never would have thought well of the late actings." Her old uncle, Ruvigny, was in London during part of that summer. While he was staying at Southampton House, his young niece and companion fell a victim

to the small-pox. Lady Russell hastily took her children to Woburn, but returned to Bedford House to be near her uncle. Before M. de Ruvigny left England, he wrote a letter to King James II., who had succeeded his brother Charles in February, 1685, strongly commending Lady Russell and her children to the favour of that monarch, in some particular directions for which he had already pleaded by word of mouth. A very few months afterwards M. and Madame de Ruvigny took up their residence permanently at Greenwich, in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

From her close connection with one of the great French Protestant families, Lady Russell naturally took the keenest interest in the fate of the unfortunate Huguenots. In a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam from Woburn in November, 1685, she says: "I read a letter last night from my sister in Paris (Lady Montagu, wife of the English ambassador); she writes as everybody that has humane affections must, and says that of 1,800,000 there is not more than 10,000 esteemed to be left in France; and they, I guess, will soon be converted by dragoons, or perish." It is well known that a brief for the relief of the French Protestants was read in all the churches in England, and that £40,000, a very large sum in those days, was raised in response to the appeal. But it appears from Lady Russell's letters and other evidence that there was considerable difficulty in getting it sealed by Jeffreys, the Lord Chancellor. The sympathies of James II. were

naturally not with the sufferers, and he was also fearful of offending the susceptibilities of the French King. There could be no stronger proof of the real meaning of the vaunted toleration of James than his conduct on this occasion. Although he had already announced his intention of taking steps to repeal the Test Act passed in 1673,[1] he gave orders that no assistance should be rendered to any Huguenots who should refuse to take the Sacrament according to the ceremonies of the Church of England.

During the winter of 1685–6 a very alarming accident occurred in close proximity to Lady Russell's London residence,—the burning of Montagu House. On January 22nd she writes: "If you have heard of the dismal accident in this neighbourhood, you will easily believe Tuesday night was not a quiet one with us. About one o'clock I heard a great noise in the Square, so little ordinary that I called up a servant and sent her down to learn the occasion. She brought up a very sad one, that Montagu House was on fire; and it was so indeed. It burnt with so great violence, the whole house was consumed by five o'clock. The wind blew strong this way, so that we lay under fire a great part of the time, the sparks and flames continually covering the house, and filling the court. My boy awaked, and said he was almost stifled with smoke, but being told the reason, would see it, and so was satisfied without fear; took a strange bedfellow

[1] *Vide supra*, page 12.

very willingly, Lady Devonshire's youngest boy, whom his nurse had brought wrapt up in a blanket."

The fire happened through the carelessness of a servant in leaving a charcoal pan to air some hangings in preparation for the return of Lord Montagu from Paris. The Earl of Devonshire appears to have been a temporary tenant at this time. One authority estimates the loss to Lord Montagu at £46,000. The house, which had only been erected seven or eight years, was afterwards rebuilt in the same place. After the death of the second Duke of Montagu in 1749, it was acquired by the nation and converted into the British Museum. Large additions have of course been made to it, but the grand staircase and other portions of the original structure still remain.

Not many months afterwards Lady Montagu lost her eldest son, a boy twelve years old, of fever, and two of the numerous short-lived children of the Princess Anne also died. These events made a deep impression on Lady Russell, so devoted a mother to her own children. She was very anxious that her son should be a good French scholar, and we gather from one of her letters that she engaged a French refugee as a teacher. Through Mr. Thornton, her husband's old tutor, she sent a message to Lord Bedford, in 1686, to say that "we are all well, and exercising our French. Master sang a French song yesterday with music, but the girls are all silent." In the summer of 1687 she took the children to Stratton, and records, "The poor

children are well pleased to be a little while in a new place, ignorant how much better it has been both to me and to them; yet I thought I found Rachel not insensible, and I could not but be content with it in my mind. Those whose age can afford them any remembrance should, methinks, have some solemn thoughts for so irreparable a loss to themselves and family; though after that I would cherish a cheerful temper in them with all the industry I can; for sure we please our Maker best when we take all His providences with a cheerful spirit." As the children grew older, Lady Russell forced herself for their sakes to come out of her retirement sufficiently to receive many friends and acquaintances at home. On June 25th, 1687, the eve of the fourth anniversary of her husband's arrest, she writes: "My house is full of company; to-morrow being Sunday, I purpose to sanctify it, if my griefs unhallow it not by unjustifiable passions; and having given some hours to privacy in the morning, live in my house as on other days, doing my best to be tolerably composed. It is my first trial; for all these sad years past I have dispensed with the seeing anybody, or till late at night. Sometimes I could not avoid that without a singularity I do not affect. There are three days I like best to give up to reflection: the day my lord was parted from his family, that of his trial, and the day he was released from all the evils of this perishing world."

From this time forward many references occur in her correspondence to the public events which

preceded the Revolution of 1688 and the flight of James II., such as the election of the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, the King's recall of the English and Scottish regiments that were in the employ of the States General, and the audience given at Court to Dominicans in their habits as ambassadors from Cologne. The Princess of Orange wrote a letter to Lady Russell from Honslerdyke in July, 1687, expressing the warm regard felt by herself and the Prince for her high character, and their compassion for her misfortunes. The letters that passed between the Princess and Lady Russell were always entrusted for safety to private hands, and the beginning of the following year, Mr., afterwards Admiral Russell,[1] a cousin of the Earl of Bedford, much employed by the Whig party in communicating with the Prince of Orange on the eve of the Revolution, brought a letter from the Princess at the Hague, congratulating Lady Russell on the approaching marriage of her elder daughter Rachel to Lord Cavendish, eldest son of the Earl of Devonshire. This marriage between the son of her husband's greatest friend and the first child of their own happy union gave great satisfaction to Lady Russell, and many were the prayers she uttered for their future happiness. The bridegroom was little older than the bride, and immediately after the celebration of the marriage he went abroad for a lengthened

[1] Mr. Russell, created Earl of Orford by William III., married Lady Margaret Russell, the "Sister Margaret" of Lady Russell's letters.

tour, the youthful Lady Cavendish being left in the care of her husband's family. It is scarcely necessary to point out that in those days marriages between very young people of rank caused no surprise, for it was the universal custom both in England and on the Continent to make such contracts long before either of the principal persons concerned were out of their teens.

After the marriage, Lady Russell went into the country, and finally to Woburn. In a very affectionate letter written at the end of August to her sister-in-law, Lady Allington, who had been very ill from the effects of putting ice to a wrong use, she says: "The good consequence of country air, I believe, would be as much advantageous to you, if you would take it, as we shall find it; the season is temperate and pleasant. The rest and pensive quiet of it is very grateful to me, whose body nor mind is fitted for the hurry of the last six months; and I wish I may so profit of the time I may make my own here, as to repair in some measure my want there, by being so busy in "worldly matters." In October, she wrote to Lord Cavendish, then at Brussels, telling him how welcome his letters were to her as marks of respect and remembrance. Her tact and discernment are perhaps nowhere more evident than in this letter to her young son-in-law, for she manages to give him much good advice and the benefit of her own knowledge of the world without running the least risk of wounding the *amour propre* so keen and sensitive in early years. A few days

afterwards she wrote to Dr. Fitzwilliam with reference to the great political events then in progress : " We in the country are still kept under wonder and expectation. The cloud is very thick that is spread over us ; but this is our support (if we can but maintain our courage for awhile), that nothing that can befall us can hurt us much. . . . I have told you before, if my paper has at all come to you, that Lord Bedford is preparing to remove from this place, if the Prince lands northwards, to Chenies, in Buckinghamshire."

After the suppression of the rebellion in the first few months of his reign, the executions of Argyle and Monmouth in the summer of the same year, and the butcheries of the Bloody Assize under Judge Jeffreys, James II. prorogued the Parliament summoned on his accession, because of its disapproval of his violation of the Test Act, and his determination to maintain a standing army. Spite of the evident desire of the Court that Lord Delamere, accused of having abetted the Western rebellion, should be made a sacrifice, he was acquitted, to the no small satisfaction of the people at large. Recking little of such manifestations of the popular temper, James occupied the next two years mainly in re-establishing Roman Catholic usages and influence as far as possible. A Roman Catholic, John Massey, was appointed Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and Mass was daily celebrated in that cathedral. Many ecclesiastical orders were settled in religious houses in London and the

provinces. In 1687 the Declaration of Indulgence was published, allowing Nonconformists of all denominations to perform their religious rites in public. Finding it impossible to convert his brother-in-law, the Lord Treasurer Rochester, the King dismissed him, and his brother, Lord Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, fell at the same time. During the same year occurred the well-known incident of the refusal of the Fellows of Magdalen College to elect a President at the King's bidding. For their contumacious conduct they were expelled, their places filled by Roman Catholics, and the college turned into a popish seminary. Except by Roman Catholics, the Declaration of Indulgence was received with little favour; for the mass of the Protestant Nonconformists, who held the Church of Rome in the deepest aversion, could easily see to what ends the King's apparent toleration was really directed. All eyes were anxiously turned towards the Prince and Princess of Orange for deliverance from these religious and political troubles. The Princess, who had been brought up a member of the Church of England, was next heir to the Crown, and the Prince was regarded not only as the champion of European liberties against French aggression, but as the defender of the Reformed faith. Burnett, who after the execution of Lord Russell had retired to Holland; Dykvelt, who came on a mission to England early in 1687; and Mr. Edward Russell, were all actively engaged in secretly furthering the interests of William and Mary. In the summer of

1688, James re-issued the Declaration of Indulgence, and ordered the clergy to read it in the churches. The trial of the Seven Bishops for libel, on account of their action in presenting a petition to the King praying to be excused from reading the Declaration, quickly followed. Their acquittal may be said to have given the death-blow to the influence and authority of James. The birth of a male heir, instead of strengthening his position, still further aggravated opposition to him, for it was felt that by this unlooked-for event he would be more than ever confirmed in his determination to render the Church of Rome paramount in England. An invitation, signed by the Earl of Devonshire and other well-known leaders of the opposition, was sent to William at the Hague; and after some delay, caused by unfavourable weather and other complications, he landed at Torbay on November 5th. Towards Christmas James escaped to France, whither his wife and son had preceded him. Early in February Mary arrived in England, and on the 13th of that month she and her husband were proclaimed King and Queen of England at Whitehall.

One of the most lively and entertaining letters which have come down to us from this period was written by Lady Cavendish, probably to her cousin Jane Allington, in February, 1689. No apology is needed for transcribing it in full, for it is interesting both as a picturesque bit of history, and also as a proof of the observation and vivacity of Lady Russell's eldest daughter :—

"It is a great affliction to me to be so far from my dearly beloved Silvia,[1] and to hear from her so seldom. How happy shall I be when I see you next! How many things I have to tell you! for I dare not trust affairs of so great concern in a letter. But when will that time come? I do not hear you speak of removing yet, to my grief. Pray leave your ugly prison as soon as you can, and come to your Dorinda. But now to my news. The House of Lords did vote that the Prince and Princess should be made King and Queen, and it was carried by a good many voices, for Lord Nottingham and many more came off. Lord Nottingham[2] had a great mind to come off before, but could not tell which way. Then the Commons agreed also that the Prince and Princess should be King and Queen, but that the Prince should have the sole administration of affairs in his hands; that the Princess should be no subject neither, as Queen Catherine and Queen Mary were, but a Sovereign Queen, and her name put in everything; but still he the management of affairs. This they agreed upon, and so did the Lords. Then they went to

[1] In a note on this letter in his "History of England" Macaulay says, "Lady Cavendish, like most clever girls of that generation, had Scudéry's (Mdlle. Scudéry, author of "Clélie, le grand Cyrus," etc.) romances in her head. She is Dorinda; her correspondent, supposed to be her cousin Jane Allington, is Silvia, William is Ormanzor, and Mary, Phenixana.

[2] Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, called "Old Dismal" by his contemporaries, was in favour of a Regent, in opposition to those who were for setting up another king.

the grievances (that is), the too great power of the Crown. After they had agreed upon what power to give the King, and what to take away from him (the particulars of which I cannot tell you), my Lord Halifax, who is chairman, went to the Banqueting House, where the Princess and Prince were, and made them a short speech, desiring them, in the name of all the Lords, to accept the Crown. The Prince answered him in a few words and the Princess made curtsies. They say, when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she were troubled. Then Mr. Powle, the Speaker of the House of Commons, showed the Prince what they had agreed of, but made no speech. After this ceremony was ended, they proclaimed them King and Queen of England. Many of the Churchmen would not have it done that day, because it was Ash-Wednesday. I was at the sight, and you may imagine very much pleased to see Ormanzor and Phenixana proclaimed King and Queen of England in the room of King James, my father's murderer. There was wonderful acclamations of joy, which though they were very pleasing to me, yet they frightened me too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it is to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such a strange sort of people. At night I went to Court with my Lady Devonshire, and kissed the Queen's hand and the King's also. There was a world of bonfires, and candles almost in every house, which looked extremely pretty. The King applies himself mightily

to business, and is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence in ordering all things. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight; but if one looks long on him, he has something in his face both wise and good. But as for the Queen, she is really altogether very handsome; her face is very agreeable, and her shape and motions extremely graceful and fine. She is tall, but not so tall as the last Queen. Her room was mighty full of company, as you may guess."

The accession of William and Mary naturally placed Lady Russell's connection with the English court on an entirely new footing. One of the earliest acts of the reign was to reverse the attainder of Lord Russell. The Bill proposing this was quickly passed by the Peers, and carried by acclamation in the Commons. Although, as far as social matters went, Lady Russell did not forsake the semi-retirement into which she had withdrawn from the date of her husband's death, her influence in high quarters was very great, and it is not therefore surprising to find that several of her letters at this period, and for some time after, have reference to favours she was begged to ask for various persons of rank and ability, who desired to obtain official employment or advancement under the new Government. One of the most important of these applications concerned the elevation of William Cowper, afterwards first Earl Cowper and Lord Chancellor in the reign of George I., to the rank of King's Counsel at the age of twenty-four. The

King, on the advice of Lord Halifax, gave his consent, but the innovation was resisted by Pollexfen, Attorney-General. Lady Russell then addressed herself to the latter, and was finally successful in gaining her point. M. Guizot pronounces this to be the only occasion on which he finds her somewhat exacting and overbearing. This judgment is based upon a sentence in her letter couched in the following terms: "I undertake very few things, and therefore do very little good to people; but I do not love to be baulked when I thought my end compassed; and though you would not promote us in it, I hope you will not destroy us." Most readers will probably agree that she only expressed in this passage the very natural and pardonable impatience of a woman who thought all obstacles had been surmounted when the King's promise had been obtained, and Mr. Cowper had actually kissed His Majesty's hand for it.

The coronation of the new sovereigns took place early in the spring of 1689, and speaking of it to her faithful friend, Dr. Fitzwilliam, Lady Russell says: "Those that saw this and the last coronation tell me this was much finer and in better order, and if the number of ladies were fewer, yet their attendance was with more application near the Queen all the time, and with more cheerful faces by a great deal."

It was a source of satisfaction to Lady Russell, that Burnett found compensation for his former losses in the popular cause by being raised to the

dignity of Bishop of Salisbury; but her gladness on this score was counterbalanced by the regret she felt that in consequence of his refusal to take the oaths to William and Mary, Dr. Fitzwilliam was under the necessity of resigning all his preferments. It would be superfluous in this place to enter into the conscientious reasons which induced many church dignitaries, among them Turner, Bishop of Ely, and his friend, the saintly Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells—who found a peaceful retreat at Longleat—to suffer deprivation rather than violate the oaths of allegiance and supremacy they had taken to James II., "and his heirs and lawful successors." In a very touching letter to Lady Russell on this subject, Dr. Fitzwilliam, who begins by asking her to further the nomination of a friend to the living he was about to vacate, says with reference to Ken,[1] "I cannot tell what my dear friend, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, may do in this case. I find him, by a letter to me, and another I saw in the hands of a person of honour of your sex, to be fluctuating; but if the consideration of the Church's peace should, without a full persuasion of the lawfulness of the matter of the oath of allegiance, and of the authority which imposeth it, induce him to take it, neither his example nor advice, though I have used him as a spiritual

[1] Ken and Fitzwilliam had been friends at Oxford. The latter was a Fellow of Magdalen, and he succeeded Ken in the Rectory of Brightstone, Isle of Wight, in 1669. Fitzwilliam appointed Ken his executor, and left him a life interest in £500.

guide, should steer me on this point; for I could never hear that doctrine of the Roman casuists defended to a probability, that a good intention, or a holy end, could sanctify actions in order to that end, which were dubious and questionable in themselves." He begs Lady Russell to honour three requests: first, that she would believe him as devoted to her as ever; secondly, that she would permit him to make over all his worldly goods to her, so as to secure them from possible confiscation; and thirdly, that he might have a room in her house in town, where he could set up his books and have access to them.

Lady Russell was evidently in the habit of staying from time to time in Dr. Fitzwilliam's house at Windsor,[1] while he was a Canon of St. George's. She sincerely regretted his inability to take the oaths. But although she saw the matter in quite a different light from what he did, frankly confessing that she could not find Kings of divine right, she would not for a moment urge him to submit with mental reservation, which, to use her own words, was the thing she most hated to God or man. She continued to correspond with the good doctor until his death in 1696. He left directions that all her letters to him should be returned to her, in order

[1] In April, 1689, she wrote to ask him for the use of it, in order that her young folks might see the installation of Lord Devonshire as Knight of the Garter, adding naïvely, "I will think it a great favour, and will go with them, and look to your house while everybody is gone to the show."

that they might be printed, but his wish was not carried out till towards the close of the following century.

In the summer of 1690 Lady Russell was ill for some time, apparently at Woburn. Her sister-in-law, Frances, wife of Lord Edward Russell, kept her fully informed of the progress of affairs in Ireland. James II. landed at Kinsale in March, 1689, and remained in Ireland with varying fortunes until William proceeded to that country early in the June of the following year. The famous Battle of the Boyne took place on July 1st, and a full account of it reached London, according to Lady Frances,[1] on July 6th. James II. fled to France, reaching Brest little more than a week after the battle. On the side of the Orange party this battle was not without its casualties. William III. was wounded just before it began, and the Duke of Schomberg, a French Protestant refugee, who had taken service in Holland, and had been raised to an English dukedom by William immediately after his accession, was killed by a musket wound. Caillemote, Lady Russell's first cousin, younger son of the

[1] Frances, daughter of Sir Robert Williams, of Penrhyn, widow of Richard Lloyd, Esq., of Eclis, Denbighshire, married Mr. Russell, afterwards Lord Edward Russell, in 1688. The marriage was arranged by a celebrated Nonconformist divine, John Howe, who had been chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. A curious letter from Mr. Howe to Lady Russell proposing the alliance is printed in Lord John Russell's collection. It is dated from Utrecht, February 9th, 1687, and it appears that Mrs. Lloyd was then residing at that place.

Marquis de Ruvigny, Colonel of one of the Huguenot regiments of foot which his venerable father had been instrumental in raising, received a mortal wound. As he was being carried to the English camp by four soldiers, he urged forward those who were then crossing the river breast high in water with the words, "À la gloire, mes enfants, à la gloire!"

Victorious on land under the eye of the warrior King, the English arms were less successful by sea. The French admiral, Tourville, had defeated Lord Torrington off Beachy Head, the day before the Battle of the Boyne. Directly afterwards he attacked and ravaged Teignmouth, and the whole of the south coast was exposed to the assaults of the enemy. To use the words of Frances Russell, "Plymouth lay naked before them—not so much as a governor in the town, nor militia up in the country; our fleet skulked into harbour, and they for the time, at least, were absolute masters of the seas." It is but fair to say in defence of Lord Torrington, who was acquitted on his trial for negligence, that, acting under positive orders, he had engaged a much larger number of French ships, and that although defeated, he managed to save his fleet from destruction. For the honour of the Devonshire men, it may be mentioned that many thousands of them rose in defence of their county and encamped close to the shore.

Although King William did not take final steps in the matter of the nonjuring Bishops until after

his visit to Holland in the following year, it is evident, from Lady Russell's correspondence, that overtures respecting the See of Canterbury were made to Tillotson when the King returned from Ireland in September. Lady Russell lost her remaining sister, Lady Montagu, and her nephew Wriothesley, Earl of Gainsborough, just at this period, and in a letter of condolence from Dean Tillotson, who had been transferred from Canterbury to St. Paul's in 1689, he told her that the King had spoken to him on the previous Sunday of his wish to elevate him to the Archbishopric of Canterbury in place of Archbishop Sancroft. He begged her advice on this perplexing question. In reply, Lady Russell wrote, alluding to Tillotson's letter to her husband in passive obedience shortly before his execution, "The time seems to be come that you must put anew in practice that submission you have so powerfully both tried yourself and instructed others to; I see no place to escape at; you must take up the cross and bear it; I faithfully believe it has the figure of a very heavy one to you, though not from the cares of it; since, if the King guesses right, you toil more now; but this work is of your own choosing, and the dignity of the other is what you have bent your mind against, and the strong resolve of your life has been to avoid it." The latter part of the sentence refers to a hint dropped by the King, of his desire to promote Tillotson still further, when he kissed hands on his translation to the Deanery of St. Paul's in the previous year.

Tillotson, who was at that time heavy with grief at the loss of his two daughters, shrank with dread from the proposal, foreseeing that he "should sink under this great place, and grow melancholy and good for nothing."[1]

Early in 1691 Wriothesley Russell was attacked by a virulent form of measles, much resembling small-pox. His mother was greatly alarmed at his symptoms, and the severity of his cough gave her additional uneasiness. In a long letter written during his convalescence to Dr. Fitzwilliam, who was then living in retirement at Windsor, she says, "If you saw how many walks I fetch to my boy in a day, you would think I have done a great work to scribble all this." In the summer Lord Cavendish returned from his continental tour. His young wife, who had spent a good deal of time with her mother, even after she entered the Cavendish family, was naturally called into prominence by his return to England. Lady Russell, from circumstances, could not take a place at her beloved daughter's side, in the gaieties of the court, and she made an interesting appeal to Lady Derby to act the part of counsellor and friend, couched in the following terms:—

"As my Lady Derby is never wanting, so I hope she is never weary of doing good and charitable offices. This that I am now asking of her is of the

[1] Singularly enough Tillotson only survived his elevation to the Archbishopric for three years. He was consecrated in 1691, and died in 1694.

last degree to me, it being that my poor child may have the honour and advantage of your protection, and kind prudent advice, now at her first entrance into the world. She has, I think, wit enough to take well either caution or reproof from your ladyship, and she is unexperienced enough to want it, and never been till now from too fond a mother, I doubt. My Lord Devonshire has called her out of my sight a little sooner than I thought we should have parted, my Lady Devonshire not being in town; but my lord gives me so good a reason for it (as the Queen's being best pleased it should be so) that if I had authority to do it, I would not keep her, since I would have all that's mine to pay, as I will ever do, a free obedience to all her Majesty's orders. I believe she will quite lose her credit for a dancer, for I find she cannot walk one dance out, it is so long since she learnt, and she will have so little time to practise; but I encourage her to be content to do ill, rather than do nothing when the Queen bids her do something. She will still grow better I hope every way a great while. I beg a thousand pardons of my Lady Derby for so long a trouble now, and so lasting a one as I have taken the liberty to ask of her; but a mother's concern will, I trust, excuse all the importunities of one that is with true and great respects Your Ladyship's."

The naval superiority of England was effectually re-asserted in 1692 by the victory of La Hogue, gained by Admiral Russell over the French on

May 19th. James II. witnessed the conflict from a neighbouring height, and although the loss of the battle was entirely against the interests of his own party, he could not suppress his admiration at the gallantry of the English sailors, exclaiming, "Voilà mes Anglais, comme ils se battent bien!" Public rejoicings were held throughout the country, and in her own chastened fashion, Lady Russell participated in the general thanksgiving. Family affairs again occupied much of her time that summer, for through the medium of Lady Northampton, she received a proposal of marriage for her second daughter, Katherine, with Lord Roos, eldest son of the Earl of Rutland. From a letter written by Lady Russell to Lord Rutland in August, we learn that she gave both her daughters a marriage portion of £25,000. Judging from the complimentary tone of her letters to Lord Rutland, it is probable that she found him a more agreeable person to deal with in business matters than Lord Devonshire, of whom she had written at the time of her elder daughter's marriage, "I have a well-bred lord to deal with, yet inflexible, if the point is not to his advantage."

Katherine Russell was about sixteen when she became engaged to Lord Roos, and her mother wisely proposed to Lord Rutland that the young couple should see a little more of each other before the marriage took place, and it was therefore postponed until the following year. The Queen wrote a letter of warm congratulation to Lady Russell on

the engagement, signing herself, "Your very affectionate friend, Marie R."

Lady Russell's sight gave her much trouble at this period, and many expressions contained in her letters give proof of the resignation to the will of God, with which she looked forward to that day of bodily darkness which she feared might soon overtake her. A successful operation for cataract in June, 1694, eventually dispelled these gloomy forebodings, and enabled her once more to fully enjoy the pleasures of reading, and corresponding with her friends.

The marriage of Lord and Lady Roos took place on August 17, 1693, and shortly afterwards the bride and bridegroom set out for Belvoir. Sir James Forbes, who at the time of Lord Russell's imprisonment had been commissioned by Lord Cavendish to convey to his beloved friend his generous desire to change places with him, sent Lady Russell a full description of her daughter's reception in Leicestershire. It is written from Belvoir, and the account it gives of the festivities is strongly illustrative of the almost princely local influence exercised by great families in bygone days. He says: "I could not miss this opportunity of giving your ladyship some account of Lord Roos and Lady Roos's journey, and their reception at Belvoir, which looked more like the progress of a king and queen through their country than that of a bride and bridegroom going home to their father's house. At their first entry into Leicestershire, they

were received by the High Sheriff at the head of all the gentlemen of the country, who all paid their respects, and complimented the lady bride at Harborough. She was attended next day to this place by the same gentlemen, and by thousands of other people, who came from all places of the country to see her, and wish them joy, even with huzzas and acclamations.

"As they drew near Belvoir, our train increased, with some coaches, and with fresh troops of aldermen, and corporations, besides a great many clergymen, who presented the bride and bridegroom (for so they are still called) with verses upon their happy marriage.

"I cannot better represent their first arrival at Belvoir than by the Woburn song that Lord Bedford liked so well; for at the gate were four and twenty fiddlers all in a row; four and twenty trumpeters, with their tantara ra ras; four and twenty ladies, and as many parsons, and in great order they went in procession to the great apartment, where the usual ceremony of saluting and wishing joy passed, but still not without something represented in the song, as very much tittle-tattle, and fiddle-faddle; after this, time passed away till supper in visiting all the apartments of the house, and in seeing the preparations for the sack-posset, which was the most extraordinary thing I did ever see, and much greater than it was represented to be. After supper, which was exceeding magnificent, the whole company went in procession to the great hall; the bride and bride-

groom first, and all the rest in order, two and two; there it was the scene opened, and the great cistern appeared, and the healths began; first in spoons, some time after in silver cups; and though the healths were many, and a great variety of names given to them, it was observed after one hour's hot service, the posset did not sink above one inch, which made my Lady Rutland call in all the family, and then upon their knees, the bride and bridegroom's health with all prosperity and happiness, was drunk in tankards brimfull of sack-posset. This lasted till past twelve o'clock."

Lady Russell followed her daughter to Belvoir when the excitement had somewhat abated. She was fearful of trying her eyes in their then precarious condition. She did not neglect, however, to write to her old friend, Dr. Fitzwilliam, who had taken up his abode in humble lodgings at Windsor, and was no doubt suffering much depression of spirit from his change of circumstances and position for conscience' sake in old age. Lady Russell gently chides him in the following terms: "If your retirement pleases you, indeed, and that you do not deceive yourself, I have nothing to say against it, if your health does not abate, which it certainly will if your mind does not agree perfectly with what your will has chosen; let that be a timely monitor to you. Man is a sociable creature, and you by disposition are made for it, and by the accidents of your life ever used to it, so that it is very new to you to be very solitary long together; and while you have a

competency, doctor, deny not yourself the innocent, nay, the profitable comforts of life."

Although Lady Russell herself at times showed signs of not being entirely exempt from that peculiar spiritual influence which caused religiously minded persons in post-reformation days to regard human happiness as an undeserved gratification for which Heaven would demand repayment to the uttermost farthing, yet she possessed too much practical sense to suffer her friends to inflict unnecessary laceration on themselves without remonstrance.

In 1694 the Earl of Bedford was raised to the rank of a Duke, special mention being made in the patent to the fact that he was the father of Lord Russell, "whose name could never be forgot, so long as men preserved any esteem for sanctity of manners, greatness of mind, and a love to their country, constant even to death." Lord Devonshire received a similar honour at the same time. On his grandfather's elevation, Wriothesley Russell assumed the title of Marquess of Tavistock. Negotiations had already been entered into for his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Howland, a rich heiress two years his junior, daughter of John Howland, Esq., of Streatham. The marriage was celebrated by Bishop Burnett in the private chapel of Streatham, on May 23rd, 1695. The project had been entertained for several years, and Lady Russell took much interest in the education of the child-bride. Writing to Mrs. Howland when the little girl was only eight

years old, she did not omit, says Lord John Russell, to mention dancing as one of the things her daughter-in-law ought to learn; "for though I confess," she says, "fashion, and those other accomplishments are, perhaps, over-rated by the world, and I esteem them but as dross and as a shadow, in comparison of religion and virtue, yet the perfections of nature are ornaments to the body, as grace is to the mind." In another letter addressed to Mrs. Howland a few months before the marriage ceremony, Lady Russell says: "I am sorry dear Lady Tavistock has any employment she does not take pleasure in. Pray tell her I hope this will be the simple one that will fall out to be so, and the trouble of this will not last long; and it is my opinion that if they teach her much of her grammar, it increases her trouble to little purpose, for French is oftener, and as well learned by ear."

Lord Tavistock went into residence at Oxford in Hilary term, 1696, accompanied by his private tutor, Mr. Hicks. Lady Russell spent some time at Oxford during her son's stay, which did not extend over much more than a year. The two last letters which Dr. Fitzwilliam received from her before his death are dated respectively from Oxford, May 17th, and June 15th, 1696. The Bishop of Oxford, John Hough, the famous President of Magdalen, ejected by James II. in 1687, wrote in flattering terms to Lady Russell concerning her son's progress at the university, but she took care to make inquiries on this head from Mr. Hicks, well knowing that

steadiness and application are rare qualities in early years. His replies were encouraging, and when she visited Oxford, she expressed her satisfaction at finding that all was going on very well. While she was at Oxford, Lady Sunderland and her daughter, Lady Clancarty, came thither for a few days, and spent much time in her little cot, as she termed her lodgings. Her son evidently found these visitors very entertaining, for his mother remarks, "My young man never failed us, dinner nor supper."

After he left Oxford, Lord Tavistock went abroad with Mr. Hicks for a couple of years, visiting many places in France, Germany, and Italy. He passed the winter of 1698 in Rome, living in much splendour, and profusely entertained by the Italian nobility and foreign residents. He wrote some lively letters to his mother, describing the amusements in which he took part. More through carelessness and youthful high spirits than from any vicious propensity, he got into debt considerably at play, and thus justified his grandfather's strong feeling against his travelling into Italy. In a long letter written to the Duke of Bedford by Lady Russell shortly after her son's return to England, when she was arranging to pay off the debt of three or four thousand pounds, she says, "He is so afflicted by this folly, I dare not aggravate his trouble. He dreads your Grace knowing of it; and he might certainly have prevailed with me to have kept his secret, if I could have preserved his honour, and have done it. I do all I can to assure

him your indulgence will not suffer you to be sharp in your anger, when that can bring no remedy. The fault is committed; and, if he keep steady to his resolutions, I hope the grief he has felt will be for his future good all the rest of his life. But the business now is how to pay the money, and do it so secretly, that the inquisitive town shall not make it their talk and scorn, and he be exposed, as he calls it, as an easy gentleman, that can be cheated of his money." Lord Tavistock's future career justified all his mother's generous confidence in the sincerity of his good intentions, and until his death in the prime of life some years later, she derived nothing but pleasure and satisfaction from his conduct as a son, a husband and a father.

Some of the most interesting letters from Lady Russell, first published by Lord John Russell in 1853, are those she wrote to her daughter, Lady Roos, after the date of the marriage of the latter in 1693. The originals are preserved at Belvoir. One written from Southampton House in January, 1694, contains several allusions to Lord and Lady Sunderland. Anne Digby, Countess of Sunderland, daughter of the Earl of Bristol, famous for her intrigues with Henry Sidney, Lord Romney, brother of the lamented Algernon Sidney, a brilliant and fascinating woman of fashion, naturally did not stand very high in the estimation of Lady Russell. Robert, Earl of Sunderland, son of Dorothy Sidney, Waller's Sacharissa, had played a traitor's part to James II., and had fled to Holland, where he was

seized and imprisoned as an arrant Papist until an order for his release arrived from William III. In 1690 he returned to England, and for some time lived in retirement at Althorpe, his beautiful seat in Northamptonshire. He reappeared in the House of Lords in 1692, and managed to gain considerable favour from the King, who found his talent for small artifices and expedients extremely useful in the conduct of political affairs. Party feeling ran high on several questions in the Session of 1693–4. The Bill for Triennial Parliaments,[1] The Place Bill, to prevent persons holding offices under the Crown from sitting in Parliament, and the Bill for the regulation of Trials in Cases of Treason, were vehemently discussed and all ultimately rejected. Lady Russell's letter to her daughter gives indication of the uneasy state of popular feeling. "All common chat is," she says, "silenced by these bigger matters, since all are judges of all. The pen is in great use at this time. Her Majesty herself is sure a ready writer; being an insignificant one myself, I offer all my best services and blessings." The reference to Queen Mary is somewhat obscure, for in one of her letters to Lady Russell she confesses herself to be "lazy enough in writing." Probably Lady Russell was not quite satisfied with the conduct of the sovereigns in acting with a certain amount of obliquity for political purposes, and in taking up with persons whose principles she could not approve. At the end of 1694 the Queen fell a victim to the small-

[1] This Bill was passed in the following Session.

pox, succumbing to this dire disease at the early age of thirty-three, to the inexpressible grief of her husband and the deep regret of the whole nation.

Much of the early married life of Katherine, Lady Roos, was spent at Haddon, the famous Derbyshire residence of the Manners family. Apparently she was not always very happy, for we gather that she was disposed to repine when family circumstances did not run quite smoothly. Perhaps weak health—her mother speaks of her as subject to be ill of some little odd complaint or other—was the chief cause of her depression of spirits. In a letter written to her rather more than a year after her marriage, Lady Russell says: "I hasten to remember you of your former promises to strive to take every providence patiently, and as cheerfully as you can, and not foolishly pine and waste your spirit and spoil your health against a better day comes, which certainly will if you provoke not the only Giver of all good things. 'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,' and the chiefest blessing on this earth you have—a kind husband and a pretty gentleman. Let that sweeten all other meaner things, as it is your duty it should do; strive to act your part and glory in it; it is a pride I can allow of, but all discontent proceeds from a pride that must be resisted, or a poor mortal can never be happy on earth or prepared to be so in heaven."

The Earl of Rutland was created a Duke in 1703, and his eldest son, Lord Roos, then assumed the title of Marquis of Granby. Quaint and beautiful

though Haddon undeniably is, it must always have been a very secluded place of residence. The romantic story of Dorothy Vernon is so interwoven with its now deserted halls and shadowed gardens, that the ordinary visitor has little curiosity concerning any other former inmate; but to those who are acquainted with the history of the family an additional interest is given to the sombre old Hall by the thought that it was for several years the home of the younger daughter of William and Rachel Russell. Probably in the bright summer weather Rachel Cavendish would often come over from Hardwick, scarcely half a day's journey off, to visit her sister, and the two would wander through the lovely park-land to Chatsworth, where the present stately Palace of the Peak was being built by the first Duke of Devonshire. The personality of Katherine Manners, to use nineteenth century language, was, it may be, less brilliant and striking than that of her elder sister; but ample testimony to her domestic virtues, and to her loving care for her children, was given by her eldest son, Lord Granby, in a letter addressed to Lady Russell six years after his mother's premature death in 1711. The highest commendation that he could find for his own young wife was that she resembled in all her actions that good and dear mother, who had been his chief support and greatest happiness, until God saw fit to deprive him of her.

The first Duke of Bedford died in his eighty-seventh year in September, 1700, just eighteen

months before the death of William III. Lady Russell's influence with the King is shown by the fact that she obtained his grandfather's Garter for her son, only twenty years of age. In 1698 her intervention had been successfully invoked to induce William to pardon Lord Clancarty, the outlawed son-in-law of Lord Sunderland, who had returned to England at all hazards to claim his bride, from whom he had been separated immediately after the marriage ceremony fourteen years before. Lord Clancarty was given up to justice by his brother-in-law, but Lady Russell obtained his freedom, together with a sufficient pension, and permission for him to retire with his faithful wife to Altona. A letter from Lady Russell, thanking the King for his generous intentions towards Lord Rutland[1] and his family, received by that monarch at the beginning of his fatal illness, was found in his pocket after his death.

Few references to Queen Anne after her accession are to be found in Lady Russell's letters. She had always taken an affectionate interest in that princess, and when the question of the future succession to the Crown was a subject of warm discussion in 1689, Lady Russell, at the earnest request of the Churchills, had been instrumental in inducing her to consent with good grace to the settlement then arrived at. But although Lady Russell's interest in public events evidently somewhat diminished as

[1] Lord Rutland was made a Duke by Queen Anne in the following year.

time wore on, and her husband's contemporaries were one after another called on to pay the debt of nature, her anxiety for her children suffered no abatement with advancing age. The great storm of November, 1703, filled her with apprehension for the safety of her absent daughters. The chimney of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford's room fell in, and obliged them to rise and seek shelter in Lady Russell's drawing-room. The whole country was devastated by this terrific visitation, many thousands of lives were lost by sea and land, and the destruction of property amounted to several millions.

Only second to her care for her children and relatives stood Lady Russell's solicitude for the welfare of all persons connected with her property. When livings fell vacant on her estates in Hampshire and elsewhere, we find her expressing the utmost concern, not only to become acquainted with the character of the clergymen recommended for preferment, but also to discover whether they would be likely to prove personally acceptable to their parishioners. There is also evidence to show that even after her son had fully arrived at man's estate, her advice and intervention in ecclesiastical matters were sought by clergy and laity alike. Among the papers that passed, after her death, into the possession of her sole surviving child, and were preserved among the Devonshire MSS., is a curious letter from Lady Russell to Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bishop of Exeter[1] (one of the seven bishops), con-

[1] The year printed at the head of this letter in Miss Berry's

cerning the alleged shortcomings of the Vicar of Tavistock, the capital of her son's possessions in South Devon. The vicar, who apparently considered himself to be unduly oppressed in matters of church discipline by the famous prelate, applied for protection to Mr. Reynolds, the Duke of Bedford's chief steward. This gentleman laid the matter before Lady Russell in London, during the absence of her son at Newmarket: she communicated with the bishop's chancellor, and in the course of conversation with him, learnt that his lordship's orders were general. Lady Russell's letter to Bishop Trelawney is very carefully expressed, and there is plenty of latent evidence in it that she was firmly opposed to the arbitrary exercise of episcopal authority. The following passage is interesting as a proof of her loyalty to the Church of England, and her liberality of spirit in appreciating the improvement in matters of ritual within it, which had indirectly resulted from the influence of James II. "I agree, my lord," she says, "the vicar ought to observe the rubric, and obey all your canonical injunctions; I am sensible what good effect singing

collection, 1709, is clearly wrong. Bishop Trelawney was translated to Winchester in 1707, and his successor at Exeter was Ofs 'pring Blackall, bishop of that see from 1707 to 1716. Nathaniel Beard was vicar of Tavistock from 1701 to 1731. Lady Russell says that the vicar was under some apprehension her son would not support *him* as his grandfather would have done. Probably the reason of this apprehension was, that the young Duke of Bedford had voted in 1703 for the Bill against Occasional Conformity.

psalms musically has had in several parishes; and I am sorry a man, especially in so populous a place, should need to be ordered to read prayers Wednesdays and Fridays. In short, my lord, neither I, nor any I can persuade, will assist in opposing your just authority; and, saving that we are not of their mind who would lay pains and penalties upon people for not conforming to its worship, we are, as much as any, for supporting the Church of England, and encouraging communion with it."

Lady Russell had at this period reached the allotted span of mortal life, but she was destined to pass many years yet on earth, and to see her two younger children cut off in the flower of their age. She had always regarded with terror that fearful scourge of the seventeenth century, the small-pox; and on many different occasions she mentions her fear that her children might catch infection. Readers of the diaries of Evelyn, and other contemporary writers in England and France, cannot fail to be impressed with the virulence and universality of this dire disease. As Miss Berry remarks, beauty and youth saddened at its sound. Parents fled with their children at its approach, and often were obliged to fly from their children for fear of themselves falling sacrifices, and abandoning those that might survive. Neither inoculation nor the vaccine had been heard of in the times of which we are speaking.

The small-pox was particularly rife in the neighbourhood of London in 1708, and Lady Russell

wrote to her daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, who was at Woburn with her brother and his wife, to urge her to persuade them to remain in the country, and not to come to Streatham. More persons had died in that parish of smallpox that year, than in any year since the plague. Lady Russell gives proof of her strong common sense in thinking that her own warnings might be taken for the over anxiety of a person of advanced years, when she adds: "Any caution from me may not take; but if you, when with them in talk, put the question, if the doctor would think it advisable, being all well where they are, to change nearer London, it will not be misunderstood, and when they have considered they must choose for themselves."

Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, was passionately fond of the country, and made large additions to the gardens at Woburn, planting many rare trees and cultivating exotic flowers not previously known in England. His political views were liberal, like those of his father; but he took no active part in public affairs. A letter is extant from his cousin, the Earl of Oxford, to Lady Russell, speaking in the highest terms of the duke and duchess, and praising the good order and dignified hospitality maintained at Woburn. Dr. Sloane, the famous physician, afterwards Sir Hans Sloane, was always an honoured guest there; the duke finding him a congenial and instructive companion in his scientific and agricultural pursuits.

In May, 1711, the Duke of Bedford, then in his thirty-first year, was attacked by smallpox. His wife and children were obliged to fly from the infection, but his mother remained at his bedside till his death. In a letter to her cousin, the Earl of Galway, she says that the last words he uttered were to tell her how good and kind his wife had been to him, and to commend her to his mother's double kindness. "I did not know the greatness of my love to his person, until I could see it no more," she exclaims. Six months afterwards her younger daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, died in childbirth. Lady Russell was obliged to conceal the fact of the Duchess's death from her other daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, then in child-bed. In answer to the anxious inquiries of the latter as to her sister's condition, she replied with astonishing resolution, after seeing her in her coffin, "I have seen your sister out of bed to-day."

Of the few letters which remain, written during the last ten or twelve years of Lady Russell's life, the majority are addressed to the Earl of Galway, and relate chiefly to the small events of daily and domestic existence. The marriage of her niece, Lady Betty Noel, daughter of Elizabeth, Countess of Gainsborough, to Mr. Richard Norton, gave her great satisfaction as a union of affection and sympathy. On September 14th, 1716, she wrote to her daughter at Chatsworth, that she saw no cause to fear but that all would be quiet after the rebellion of the preceding year, adding, "but it is the temper

of most to fear, or seem to do so. The season is exceedingly fine, not much burnt up, but the farmers, for talk's sake, love wishing for what they have not; but it is good walking, and that is my best diversion. I cannot easily add any words to make this more a diversion to you, than that I thank God I have as much easy health as my years can have (she was then eighty years old), and memory as yet enough to take a pleasure when I hear of what I love most, and desire all good may be their portion, which will afford content, while any thought whatever of good or ill remains in the head or heart of your ever affectionate mother."

Lady Russell, says her descendant Lord John, had attained the age of eighty-six before she was summoned to pay the debt of nature. Of her last illness we know little. Her only remaining child, the Duchess of Devonshire, received at Chatsworth an account of her mother's seizure, and immediately returned to her in London. A letter from the Duchess of Devonshire's daughter, Lady Rachel Morgan, wife of Sir William Morgan of Tredegar, Monmouthshire, to her brother, Lord James Cavendish, from Chatsworth, tells us: "The bad account we have received of grandmamma Russell has put us in great disorder and hurry. Mamma has left us and gone to London. I believe she has stopped the letters on the road, for none have come here to-day, so that we are still in suspense. The last post brought us so bad an account that we have reason to fear the worst. I should be very glad that

mamma should get to town in time enough to see her, because it might be some satisfaction to both, and I hear grandmamma asked for her."

The letter is dated the 26th of September, and Lady Russell expired on Sunday, the 29th. In the *Weekly Journal* or *British Gazetteer*, October 5th, 1723, her death is thus recorded: "The Right Honourable the Lady Russell, relict of Lord Russell, died on Sunday morning last, at five o'clock, at Southampton House, aged eighty-six, and her corpse is to be carried to Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, to be interred with that of her lord." The *London Journal* of the following week, Saturday, October 12th, mentions that "On Tuesday morning the corpse of the Lady Russell was carried from her house in Bloomsbury Square, to its interment at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire." This is all the notice of Lady Russell's death by the newspapers of the day. In the present instance it is to be regretted that their scanty information is not supplemented by any letters or family remembrances.

Lady Russell's will contained liberal provisions for her servants; a donation to the Charity School for teaching poor children to read, etc., in the parish of St. Giles in the Fields; and one hundred pounds to the poor French Protestant refugees in this kingdom. She desired to be buried at Chenies without funeral pomp.

In several of the letters that passed between Dr. Fitzwilliam and Lady Russell we find references to the money she was in the habit of giving him for

the education of poor children, and her compassion for the French Protestants arose both from sympathy of race and from conviction in matters of religion and politics.

A portion of Lady Russell's letters were copied and prepared for publication by her contemporary and friend, Mr. Thomas Selwood, as early as the year 1748.[1] In his dedication to John, fourth Duke of Bedford, Selwood says, "These are copies of my Lady Russell's letters from the originals; all those to Dr. Fitzwilliam were by him returned in one packet to her ladyship, with the desire they might be printed for the benefit of the public; those to the Earl of Galway were preserved by his lordship; one to King William was found in his pocket, and those to others are minutes or copies, all of her ladyship's handwriting. Thousands that deserved a much better fate are not to be recovered." Lord John Russell adds, "The original letters have never been found, nor the copies mentioned by Selwood. There is a tradition that the copies were lent from the library, and printed without the permission of the family."

In 1819 Miss Berry, the elder of the two celebrated sisters, friends of Horace Walpole in their youth, published a short memoir of Lady Russell, dedicated to the sixth Duke of Devonshire. She says that on Lady Russell's death the letters printed in this memoir, with other papers, fell into the hands of the Duchess of Devonshire, her only surviving

[1] They were not, however, published till 1773.

child, and were preserved in the Devonshire MSS. The letters to Lady Roos were first published by Lord John Russell in 1853. As before stated, the originals are preserved at Belvoir.

Besides her ordinary correspondence, three papers, written by Lady Russell, are printed in Lord John Russell's collection. The first is a paper addressed to her children in 1691 on the anniversary of their father's execution. It was discovered in 1850 at Rockingham Castle, by the Hon. Richard Dawson. The second paper is addressed to her son, the Duke of Bedford, from Stratton, in July, 1706, and the third is an unfinished draft, written in extreme old age, found among the Devonshire MSS.

Several of the biographical allusions contained in the latter paper have already been cited. All three have, more or less, the form of religious meditations or of pious counsels. They afford the strongest evidence of the stringency of Lady Russell's practice in such matters as self-examination, and they breathe the very spirit of absolute dependence upon God, and the deepest sense of personal unworthiness. They also bear some traces of that peculiar feeling of the unrighteousness of human felicity, from which no religiously-minded persons who had passed under even the edge of the shadow of Puritanism could wholly escape. This characteristic is, in a great measure, to be attributed to the influence of post Reformation theology in general, which allowed no merit to our frail humanity in the sight of God, easily exaggerated into a morbid

sense of the positive necessity of punishment. It is almost painful, for example, to think of so devoted a wife and so noble a woman as Lady Russell actually reproaching herself in her declining years for having consumed too much time with her ever-lamented husband, "forgetting," she says, "by whose blessing I was so happy." Among the many benefits reserved for our own age we may count as one of the greatest that robuster theological teaching which bids us look upon every solid span of true human happiness as a bounteous gift of pure delight, to sweeten all our days while we have it, and to cheer us by the brightness of its memories when in the mystery of God we have lost it.

But however severe Lady Russell was in dealing with herself in matters of conscience, she was always liberal in her judgment of others, and large-hearted and lenient in relation to her children. "Consider, my beloved," she says to them, "that all the innocent delights of life you may take, and no anxiety of mind with it; but if they shut out religious thoughts and performances, and devour and take up all our time, then indeed we sin; and conscience will sting at some time or other, and be a sore remembrancer, and check us in our gaiety. But be devout and regular in your duty to God—heaven will be secure and pleasures innocent."

When we come to the end of the story of Lady Russell we involuntarily ask ourselves two questions—what was the significance of that life in its own age? and what is its bearing on ours? Rachel

Russell's is not simply the most pathetic, but it is also the grandest female figure in the history of the reigns of the later Stuarts. Amid the license of the Court of the second Charles, she was the leader of those women who kept alight the lamp of purity and virtue, encouraging young and old by her bright example, and by her serene confidence, that "good should be the final goal of ill." Although she stood firm to her religious principles, Lady Russell was no hard ascetic or inflexible moralist. She fully recognised that the truest wisdom lies in making the best of the age in which our lot is cast, restraining its follies without wounding its susceptibilities, and seeking rather to develop its latent goodness than to sternly reprove its evil tendencies. All her letters give proof of her great power of insight, and of her acuteness in discovering and dealing with individual characteristics. The secret of her influence with many different persons was her unfailing sympathy, which sprang from her accurate perception of their especial needs.

Allied to her power of sympathy was her steadfast patience under all circumstances, by which we must understand not a mere meek resignation to the Divine will, but an intelligent and disciplined acquiescence in it. In this particular her demeanour offers a complete contrast to the uneasy restlessness which is so striking a characteristic of nineteenth century existence. Although the life of to-day has many more interests than that of any previous century, especially for women, and although our

material condition is far better than it ever was before, we seem to be much less content, much more ready to kick against the pricks, than we find our foremothers to have showed themselves. Maybe it is because many important things have been so much changed for the better, that we are inclined to feel undue irritation at small obstacles. Certain it is that our ancestors endured great trials, such as the decimation of their families by sore diseases, and the hurling into eternity of their nearest and dearest for pretended offences against the State, with a dignity and submission which we fail to show in comparatively trifling privations and losses. The story of Lady Russell has much to teach us if we will read it aright, and learn from it the lesson of almost divine patience, of which she was a conspicuous example in an age when that virtue was far more honoured in the observance than we can possibly say that it is in our own.

LADY WARWICK.

MARY, COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

In the life of Lady Russell we have been studying the character of one whose career was for many years almost unclouded by sorrow and disappointment. Happy in her husband and children, and in all her domestic relations, cheerfulness became, as it were, part of her very being. Even after that great and terrible reverse befell her, so overwhelming at the moment that it seemed destined to dry up the very springs of joy for evermore, the natural elasticity of her mind in a great measure reasserted itself, and the forty years of her widowhood were mainly passed, not in the luxury of grief, but in continued activity for the benefit of her children, and of all those who were in any way dependent upon her.

The effect that our immediate surroundings exercise upon us receives equal confirmation in the case of Mary, Countess of Warwick. Early deprived of the care of her mother, she made, while yet quite a girl, a marriage of affection. To say the least, the husband of her choice did not prove all that her youthful fancy had painted him. Endowed with a strong will of her own, she naturally acquired uncom-

promising opinions on questions of conduct in daily life, and shrank from every appearance of evil. It is not too much to say that she suffered acutely nearly all her life from unavoidable contact with persons of undisciplined habits, upon whom, so far as she could see, her own lofty views of moral obligation scarcely exercised any influence at all. Thus she was doubly wounded in her most earnest convictions and in her tenderest susceptibilities. It is therefore a matter of no surprise that we find in her writings few traces of spontaneous joy. When we consider her character and her constant trials, we are indeed forced to the conclusion that nothing but a strong sense of an all-wise and overruling Providence could have induced in her that large measure of serenity which she preserved under many afflictions.

Mary Boyle was born at Youghal, in Ireland, November 8th, 1624. In a short account of her life she tells us that her father, Richard Boyle, was a private gentleman of Herefordshire, younger son of a younger son. By his mother's care he was educated at Cambridge after his father's death, and then went to the Inns of Court. He had apparently no fortune, for it is recorded that he landed in Ireland with twenty-seven pounds in his pocket. He made £20,000 a year in that country, and was created Lord Treasurer and one of the Lords' Justices. In 1620 he was raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Cork. He married as his second wife Katherine, only daughter of Sir Geof-

frey Fenton, a great officer of state in the kingdom of Ireland. By this lady he had thirteen children, —five sons and eight daughters. Mary was the youngest daughter but one, and her mother, who was buried in St. Patrick's Church, Dublin, died when she was about three years old. For seven or eight years after her mother's death, Mary lived at Mallow, in Munster, with Lady Clayton, a friend of her father's. Having no children of her own, she was pleased to undertake the care of the little girl. Mary evidently looked back to her childish days with pleasure, and felt much gratitude to her foster-mother, whom she terms a prudent and virtuous lady.

About 1635, the Earl of Cork returned to England and took up his residence at Stalbridge, in Dorsetshire. Some very curious orders for the regimen of his household there are still extant. They are contained in seven articles, and the first one, which ordains that every morning before dinner, and every evening after supper, prayers shall be read, shows that Lord Cork, in addition to being wise and prudent in business, was also a religiously minded man. We learn from a friend of his daughter's that his humble gratitude inscribed on all the palaces he built, "God's Providence, mine inheritance."

When Mary Boyle was about fourteen years of age, Mr. Hambleton, afterwards Lord Clanbrassel, became, with her father's concurrence, a suitor for her hand. She took no fancy to this would-be bride-

groom, somewhat to the displeasure of Lord Cork. About this time the earl removed to London, and took up his residence in apartments in the Savoy Palace, which were lent him by Sir Thomas Stafford. Lady Stafford's daughter, Elizabeth Killegrew, a maid of honour to Queen Mary (Henrietta Maria), was married at this period to Francis Boyle, Mary's third brother, afterwards Lord Shannon. According to the custom of the time, the young husband was sent abroad to travel. His sister Mary became bedfellow and constant companion to his wife during his absence. The influence of the *ci-devant* maid of honour, accustomed to the diversions of Henrietta Maria's court, on the country-bred girl was just what might be expected. They passed all their time together, says Mary Boyle, "in seeing and reading plays, and in exquisite and curious dressing." [1]

Among the most constant visitors at Sir Thomas Stafford's lodgings was Charles Rich, second son of the second Earl of Warwick. He was drawn thither in the first place by the frequent chances of meeting another of the queen's maids of honour, Mistress Hareson. This young lady, however, favoured another admirer, and Mr. Rich turned his attention to the charms of Mary Boyle. She describes him as a very cheerful, handsome, well-bred and fashioned person. His fortune as a younger son was small, only thirteen or fourteen hundred a

[1] There is an engraved portrait of Elizabeth Killegrew among the Prints at the British Museum.

year. Mary had a bad attack of measles during her residence in the Savoy, and while she was unable to go out, her sister-in-law contrived that Mr. Rich should have many opportunities of seeing her alone. These interviews resulted in an engagement between the young couple. Lord Cork was by no means pleased when he was informed of this fact by Lady Stafford, who apparently did not behave in a very straightforward manner. He immediately sent his daughter away to a small country house near Hampton Court. Enforced absence from the beloved object had, however, the usual effect of making the heart grow fonder, and the earl at length consented to the marriage, giving his daughter a portion of £7,000. Charles Rich and Mary Boyle were married on July 21st, 1641, at Shepperton, near Walton-on-Thames. The register of the marriage is still preserved in Shepperton Church. The actual ceremony appears to have taken place without Lord Cork's knowledge, but the bride states that this was done only to avoid a public wedding, against which she had always declared.

After the wedding the newly-married pair went to Leighs, near Braintree, in Essex, the seat of Lord Warwick, accompanied by the bride's fifth sister, Catherine, Lady Ranelagh, some ten years her senior. Robert, second Earl of Warwick, was great grandson of the famous lawyer, Richard Rich, made Lord Chancellor of England by Edward VI., and raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Rich. The father of Robert Rich was created Earl of

Warwick by James I., in 1618, and died the following year. The second earl took the popular side in the Civil War, and was made Lord High Admiral by the Long Parliament. He became a close personal friend of Oliver Cromwell, and his mansion in Essex afforded a fairly secure retreat for his family during the political troubles which were beginning in good earnest at the time of his second son's marriage.

Mary Rich found the household at Leighs very orderly, sober and God-fearing. The chaplain was a well-known divine, Dr. Gauden, afterwards the reputed author of "Eikon Basilike, or the Portraiture of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles in his Solitude and Sufferings." He was made Bishop of Exeter in 1660, and translated to Worcester in 1662. After the death of his first wife, a member of the Hatton family, the Earl of Warwick married Mrs. Holidayes, widow of a London alderman. The second countess was evidently not a *persona grata* to her step-sons. When she heard that Charles Rich was going to bring home his bride, she went away on a long visit, fearing that her high-born daughter-in-law might not treat her well. Mary Rich, however, possessed too much generosity of spirit and calm good sense to behave in so unworthy a manner. "Because she was a citizen she was not so much respected in the family as, in my opinion, she deserved to be," wrote Lady Mary in later years; adding, "She was one that assuredly feared God."

The year after her marriage a daughter was born at Warwick House, Holborn, who only lived fifteen months, and on September 28th, 1643, Mary Rich gave birth to her only son, Charles. Her joy at this event was overclouded by the death of her father. The personal records of her life during the next seventeen or eighteen years are meagre. She passed her time mainly between Leighs and Warwick House, entering, when in London, into such diversions as the town afforded in those troublous times. Dr. Walker, who became Lord Warwick's chaplain in succession to Dr. Gauden (he is said to have been sometime "curate" to the latter), exercised considerable influence in turning her mind definitely to God. Gratitude for the sparing of her son's life in a serious illness, which she felt to be a direct answer to her prayers, also greatly contributed to this effect. At the close of 1648 she had the smallpox, that scourge of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, at Warwick House, and during her convalescence she heard of the execution of Charles I., at Whitehall. As a loyal daughter of her deceased father she felt "a great abhorrence of that bloody act.". In the previous summer the household at Leighs saw something of the rising in Essex in favour of the unfortunate king. Goring, Earl of Norwich, and Sir Charles Lucas visited Leighs in search of arms, and remained to dinner. After the discomfiture of the Scots under the Duke of Hamilton had proved the hopelessness of the royal cause. Colchester, which Goring and Lucas

had made their head-quarters, surrendered, and the latter commander was shot in cold blood by command of the Council under Fairfax. Goring's case was reserved for the consideration of parliament, and he had the good fortune to escape with his life, owing to the casting vote of the Speaker, Lenthall. Goring's second son, the famous Colonel Goring, had been married many years before to Letitia Boyle, third sister of Mary Rich; but they lived little together.

The Earl of Warwick was busy at sea during the summer of the same year, 1648, in preventing the Prince of Wales from landing with reinforcements to assist his father in escaping from the Isle of Wight. The earl was successful in this endeavour, but he was severely censured by the Independent party for having allowed the Prince's fleet to return to Holland unmolested. Probably there was considerable reason for the suspicion of the Independents that the noble commanders on their side only sympathised with their views to a limited extent. Lord Warwick's younger brother, the Earl of Holland, who had been a waverer for many years, openly espoused the royal cause after the flight of the young Duke of York from St. James' Palace, and falling into the hands of the Parliamentary leaders, he was condemned and executed in 1649.

Charles Rich, like his father, but probably with less conviction of its justice on many essential points, took the popular side during the civil troubles. Mrs. Hutchinson records his having sat in Parlia-

ment in 1651, the day before the Spanish Ambassador had public audience, "among other young men handsomely clad." The King of Spain was the first monarch who officially recognised the Republic. Harrison, the famous Major-General of Cromwell's army, executed as a regicide in 1660, admonished the members that the next day, when the Ambassador came, they should not set themselves out in gorgeous habits. All the gentlemen therefore appeared in plain black suits, while Harrison donned a magnificent costume of scarlet and gold. His whole action on this occasion was, says Mrs. Hutchinson, a ruse to make himself conspicuous.

In February, 1658, Robert Rich, only son of the Earl of Warwick's eldest son, Lord Rich, also named Robert, died at the early age of twenty-three. His mother, Anne Cavendish, daughter of the famous Countess of Devonshire, had died when he was only two years old. Three months before his death he had married Frances Cromwell, the Protector's youngest daughter. The wedding was celebrated with great state at Whitehall, and the Countess of Devonshire, who was present, gave the bride £2,000 worth of plate.

The Earl of Warwick also died in 1658, and was succeeded by Lord Rich, who, however, only survived his father one year. He left three daughters by his second wife—the Ladies Anne, Mary, and Essex Rich, whom he recommended on his deathbed to the care of his sister-in-law, Mary Rich. She considered this as a sacred charge, and the

girls resided constantly with their uncle and aunt, now Earl and Countess of Warwick, until their respective marriages. It is, however, doubtful whether their companionship conduced much to their aunt's happiness, for they appear to have been somewhat headstrong and difficult to manage. The Countess derived much more satisfaction from her intercourse with her young friend and neighbour, Lady Maynard, of Little Easton Lodge. In the summer of 1661 she received some rather serious injuries in a carriage accident, when going to visit Lady Maynard in company with her nieces. The latter escaped unhurt

The following year her son Charles, now Lord Rich, married another Lady Anne Cavendish, grand-daughter of the Countess of Devonshire mentioned above, and aunt of the first duke, Lord Russell's faithful friend. Charles Rich went abroad for a time after his marriage, and his wife lived with Lady Warwick during his absence. After his return he fell ill with smallpox, and died in May, 1664. His mother, who was devotedly attached to her gallant and hopeful son, as Dr. Walker affectionately describes him, nursed him assiduously at her house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. She never entered it again after his death, and it was therefore sold. Both parents were stricken with grief at the loss of their only child. Hatton Rich, the earl's younger brother, a man whose way of life was by no means pleasing to the Countess, now became heir presumptive to the title and dignities of Warwick.

Neither Charles nor Mary Rich had desired a large family in their early married life; he, because his fortune was small, and she for a more personal reason. It is not too much to say that in later years they would gladly have given half their lands in exchange for another son.

Sorrow does not seem to have had a softening effect upon Lord Warwick, for he became more irritable and less considerate of his wife as time went on. He was a martyr to gout and other disorders, and increased his sufferings by his careless way of living. Lady Warwick, on the contrary, felt that religion was her sole consolation, when all earthly hopes were taken from her. We have no record of the terrible mental suffering she must have undergone for many months after the death of Lord Rich, but copies of the diary she kept from July 1666, till her death in the spring of 1678, have been preserved.[1] These copies were made by the Rev. Thomas Woodroffe, for many years her domestic chaplain, and the first part, extending from 1666 to 1672, was published in 1847. The remainder was lost sight of for a long period, but was rediscovered and purchased from the representatives of Messrs. T. and W. Boone, of New Bond Street, in 1866. The whole is now preserved among the MSS. in the British Museum.

[1] Her autobiography, which from internal evidence was certainly written after the period of her son's death, is little more than a sketch of the chief events of her life. It was first printed by the Percy Society in 1848, from a copy in the possession of Lord Brooke.

As might be expected from the character of the writers, a great portion of the diary consists of religious meditations and reflexions, which afford the strongest evidence of her humility of spirit, and of her entire dependence upon God. But as the preface to the published portion so well puts it, "her diary furnishes a vivid and graphic picture, not only of her ladyship's character, but of the actual every-day life of her contemporaries, and also alludes to many events of the time which have been too little noticed by other writers."

The entries in the diary begin just when the plague was raging in London. Lord and Lady Warwick and their two unmarried nieces (the eldest of the three had become Lady Anne Barrington in 1664), were at Leighs during this terrible visitation. The earl's sister, Lucy Rich, wife of Lord Robarts, who was created Earl of Radnor in 1679, was also one of the party. She was a religiously-minded person, and no doubt helped her sister-in-law to bear with the tempers and caprices of her brother. Wednesday, August 1st, 1666, was appointed a fast day for the plague, and special services were held in the chapel at Leighs. Lady Warwick often retired to the wilderness, "a plantation with an arbour," in the grounds, to refresh her troubled spirit by meditation and silent communing with God. On September 3rd news arrived that London was in flames. On the 5th the party at Leighs heard that "Holborn was all on fire, and Warwick House burned." The next day the news of the burning of

Warwick House was contradicted. Eighty-nine churches and thirteen thousand two hundred houses are said to have been destroyed in the great fire of London, which occasioned great loss and suffering, but from a sanitary point of view was doubtless of much service to the inhabitants of the city afterwards.

On November 20th Lady Warwick writes: "In the morning, as soon as ready, I prayed to God to go along with me in my journey to London, and then took coach to go, and by the mercy of God got safe thither without any misfortune. As soon as I entered the burned city, my eyes did affect my heart; and the dismal prospect of that once famous city, being now nothing but rubbish, did draw many tears from me, and made me pity and pray for those who had their habitations burned, and beseech God to make up all their losses to them, and give them patience to bear them. When I came to Warwick House to my lord (Lord Warwick, who had preceded her), I found him, blessed be God, pretty well."

During this residence in London Lady Warwick had much "good discourse" with her friends and relations. Among the latter were her sister, Lady Ranelagh, her eldest brother, the Earl of Cork and Burlington, and her fourth brother, the famous philosopher and chemist, Robert Boyle. On November 29th she went to dinner with George, Earl of Berkeley, at Berkeley House, Clerkenwell. He was a learned and devout man, and presented a

valuable library to Sion College. He was one of Lady Warwick's closest friends, and references to him occur many times in the diary.

Two or three days later she went back to Leighs for Christmas, leaving it shortly after to join her husband at Chelsea, where her brother Robert had a residence and a celebrated laboratory. On January 8th, 1667, she records: "I had much good discourse with my lord (her husband) about things of everlasting concernment, and I did with great earnestness beg him to consider what he came into the world for. Whilst I was pressing him to walk more closely with God, and to watch against his passion, and the sad effect of it, his swearing, which I with great plainness told him I observed he did more than when I left him, I shed many tears, and God was pleased not only to give him patience to hear me, but he seemed also to be affected at what I said."

A few days afterwards his step-mother, who after the death of the second Earl of Warwick had married the Earl of Manchester, died at Warwick House. This lady, Ellinor Wortley, was the second Lord Warwick's third wife, and the use of Warwick House had been granted to her for life.

On the 16th of the following month Lady Warwick went to court, "kissed the king's hand and the queen's, and stayed pretty late." The visit was repeated on March 19th, when she writes: "Went to dinner to my Lord Chamberlain's (Lord Manchester); afterwards went to wait on the king and queen and duchess (of York); was civilly received

by them all, and came home without having my heart at all affected with the court, and was much more inclined to pity them than to envy them."

She remained at Chelsea all that spring, and the entries in her diary are so instructive concerning both the ceremonial customs observed at this period by devout members of the Church of England, and the public and private life of the Royal family, that no apology is needed for making large extracts from it.

"*April 5th, Good Friday.*—In the morning I rose very early and went out into the garden to meditate, and had there very large meditations of the sufferings of my dear Saviour, with which my heart was exceedingly affected; when I had for a long time considered what He had suffered for me, I began to think also of what He had suffered from me, which did so much affect me as that I shed a great plenty of tears at the consideration of my sins against God, and did judge myself for them; then came in and prayed to God to fit me for the prayer I was going to hear. Mr. Lavendore prayed; he did in a very long prayer confess sin; whilst he was doing so God gave me the sacrifice of a broken heart, and I was able to look upon Him whom I had pierced, and to be in bitterness as one is in bitterness for his first-born. I kept a fast this day, abstaining from all sustenance till night. In the evening had large meditations about the Sacrament, and sent up many prayers to be fitted for it. After family prayer and supper were over, I committed my soul to God in prayer.

"*April 7th, Easter Day.*—I got up very early, when I had first blessed God as soon as I awoke; when ready I retired, and when I had read in the word, I meditated for a great time upon the sufferings of my Saviour. I did earnestly beg of God to seal unto me in the Sacrament the assurance of my everlasting condition; then went to church, where I heard Mr. Ken preach.[1] His text was 1 John iii. 3: "And every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." I was very attentive to the sermon, and moved by it. When the sermon was done, I found my heart exceedingly to long after the blessed feast; and when I remembered the sufferings of my Saviour I did weep bitterly, and with great earnestness begged of God to give me Christ. My heart was much carried out to bless God, and I had there such sweet communion with Him that I could say it was good to be there. When I had done, and given to the poor, I came home with my heart much refreshed; and as soon as I came home, while my heart was warm, I went and blessed God, and begged, with many tears, that He would now strengthen me to live better than I had ever yet done."

In the following week Lord Clarendon, the famous Chancellor, and a great deal of company dined with Lady Warwick, some staying till night,

[1] Dr. Plumptre says that Ken frequently preached in the Parish Church at Chelsea, where Old Winchester House was situated. Ken often resided there with his friend and patron, Bishop Morley. He was elected Fellow of Winchester in 1666, and made a Prebendary of the Cathedral in 1669.

and two days afterwards she "went to Whitehall and dined at my Lord Chamberlain's; then went to see the celebration of St. George's feast, which was a very glorious sight. "Whilst I was in the banqueting-house," she continues, "hearing the trumpets sounding, in the midst of all that great show, God was pleased to put very mortifying thoughts into my mind, and make me consider what if the trump of God should now sound? Which thought did strike me with some seriousness, and made me consider in what glory I had in that very place seen the late king, and yet out of that very place he was brought to have his head cut off. And I had also many thoughts how soon all that glory might be laid in the dust, and I did consider how much greater glory was provided for a poor sincere child of God."

Clarendon's daughter, the Duchess of York, often found solace for her many troubles in the company of the Countess of Warwick. The crowning affliction of her life came to the poor duchess this spring, the death of her sons, the Duke of Kendal and the Duke of Cambridge. On May 22nd the countess stood at the deathbed of the former with the king and the Duke of York. Less than a month after (June 20th) she writes: "In the evening I heard of the death of the Duke of Cambridge, who died that morning. My heart was much affected with compassion for the duke and duchess, and I did heartily with tears pray to God for patience for them, and a sanctified use of this great affliction."

The whole of the summer of 1667 was spent by Lord and Lady Warwick in the neighbourhood of London, partly at Chelsea, and partly at Durdans, near Epsom, a country seat belonging to the Earl of Berkeley. Lord Warwick was busy in making reparations and additions to Warwick House. He had many violent attacks of illness that year, and was proportionately passionate and inconsiderate towards his wife. As a rule she bore his anger as a trial of her faith, and endeavoured to turn his thoughts to better things. Human nature was, however, sometimes too strong for even the chastened patience of Mary Rich, and there is a naïve and affecting entry in her diary for November 26th, 1667, on this subject. "My lord, without any occasion given by me, fell into a great passion with me, which troubled me so much that I fell into a dispute with him, wherein I was very passionately affected, and spoke unadvisedly with my lips, telling him that I was so much troubled with his unkindness to me, that I was weary of my life. After I came from him, too, I wept much; but afterwards I went to prayer, and therein did beg God's pardon for my shedding so many tears for anything but my sins and for not being content with what His providence was pleased to order for me."

Much of Lady Warwick's spare time was taken up in superintending the education of her husband's nieces, and in trying to influence them for good. She paid many visits to the eldest one, now a young mother, and probably therefore inclined to take a

more serious view of the responsibilities of life. Her task with the Ladies Mary and Essex Rich appears to have been no easy one, and she reproaches herself many times for having fallen into disputes with them, and for having let her temper get the better of her.

Owing to their position in society, Lord and Lady Warwick kept up a large and splendid hospitality both in London and at Leighs, and many names of historic interest appear in the diary of the latter. Among the most distinguished may be mentioned the great Lord Clarendon, with whose family she was nearly connected; Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose name is immortalized in the theatre at Oxford; and the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle. The duke was the only son of General Monk, and his wife was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Newcastle by his first wife, and consequently step-daughter of the famous Margaret Lucas. In 1692, four years after the death of the Duke of Albemarle, the duchess, who was immensely wealthy, and has been described as a woman crazed with pride, married Lord Montagu,[1] the widowed husband of Lady Russell's half-sister. It is said that he disguised himself as the Emperor of China to win the consent of the Duchess. She survived him more than a quarter of a century, dying in 1734, aged ninety-six.

[1] *Vide supra*, pages 20 and 63. A note in Evelyn's Diary says he was made Earl of Montagu by King William, and Duke by Queen Anne.

Lady Warwick often regrets that the discourse of her fine company was vain and frothy. She gathered around her as many friends of her own way of thinking as she could, and missed no opportunities of hearing sermons by Ken, Stillingfleet, Kidder, and other famous preachers of the day. Her constant habit of meditation and self-examination was strengthened as the years went on. In the country especially she visited her sick and poor neighbours, and personally relieved their distresses in addition to distributing beef and bread twice a week, both at Leighs and in London.

In the spring of 1671 her husband's sole remaining brother, Hatton Rich, died in London, and was buried at Felsted in the family vault. The premature deaths of so many members of her family could not fail to exercise a depressing influence on the spirits of Lady Warwick, which she endeavoured to combat by reflecting that "nothing dies finally in a child of God but sin," and that a glorious future is reserved for the faithful.

One of the first entries in the unpublished portion of the diary of Lady Warwick is of special interest in the study of her inner life. The note at the end, in another hand from that of the original copyist, affords a partial explanation of her words.[1] But we may take it that she was thinking of the failure of *all* her hopes of earthly joy when she wrote, December 2nd, 1672: "God was pleased to make some of

[1] "Here, again, she means her husband's unkind carriage to her, which was the great affliction often taken notice of."

the past disappointing providences of my life to be as fresh in my memory, and to have some of the same impressions upon me as if they were freshly acted over again. O Lord, from my soul I bless Thee for making me again remember the wormwood and the gall I had met with from all my worldly enjoyments, to which I had too much let out my heart, and from which I did foolishly expect too much comfort."

In 1673 her niece, Lady Mary Rich, married Sir Henry St. John, created Viscount St. John in 1716, some years after his wife's death. She was the mother of Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, the famous minister of Queen Anne, born Oct. 1st, 1678, at his father's seat at Battersea.

Lord Warwick, who had been seriously ill for some time, died August 24th, 1673, at a comparatively early age. Directly after his death his wife wrote in her diary: "When I saw him at any time come to himself, I did earnestly beseech him that though he could not speak he would lift up his heart to God for mercy, and once when I did so he answered me, 'So I do, so I do,' and called upon me to pray for him, which was a great comfort to me." She was not in the room at the last moment, kept away by the loving care of her faithful elder sister, Lady Ranelagh. The earl was succeeded by his cousin, Robert, second Earl of Holland, and the two titles remained united until the failure of the line in the eighteenth century.

Next year Lady Essex Rich, Lady Warwick's

still remaining charge, married the Earl of Nottingham. Lady Warwick was a constant friend to her husband's nieces. Many references to them occur in her diary, and she ever endeavoured to act the part of a mother to them. Doubtless she did much to promote the comfort of their married lives, and there is some evidence to show that after her death her wise counsels were greatly missed by the eldest, of whom she always wrote with especial affection. In a letter to Lord Russell, written in 1680, Lady Russell says: "About ten days ago Lady Ann Barrington left her husband a letter to tell him she was gone to a fine place, where she would be very well pleased; his house was so dirty she could not endure it longer; so was not heard of till yesterday. She came home again; her sister (which of them is not stated) was so afflicted that a child dying, and another near it, was, she professed, the less affliction."[1]

Lady Warwick naturally lived in greater retirement after the earl's death, and her references to current historical events are few. On August 24th, 1676, she records: "This being the day three years that God was pleased to take from me by death my husband, I kept it as a fast day."

She was destined to keep only one more anniversary of this event. On the Tuesday in Passion

[1] The mother of the three sisters (second wife of Robert, third Earl of Warwick) was named Cheeke, and probably belonged to the same family as the wife of Lord Russell's younger brother Robert. The latter lady was sister of Admiral Russell, and widow of Thomas Cheeke, Esq., of Pirgo, in Essex. See Wiffen's "House of Russell."

veek, 1678, she was seized with fits and an aguish listemper. She rallied and lingered with fluctuaions for nearly three weeks, breathing her last on \pril 12th, sitting in her chair and surrounded by aithful friends. Almost her parting words were: 'Well, ladies, if I were one hour in heaven I would ıot be again with you, well as I love you."

A few months before her death she had written n her diary: "Those (faults) which in an especial nanner I grieved for were my crimson crying sins gainst God's mercies, and my great unthankfulness or them, and my unequal walking with God, and ıy great decays of piety and my misspent time, nd my vain and idle thoughts." The last entry, nade the day before her fatal illness commenced, oncerning Palm Sunday, March 24th, breathes a ıuieter and less troubled spirit.

"As soon as I waked I blessed God; then I neditated and endeavoured by thinking of some of he great mercies of my life, to stir up my heart to eturn glory to God. And those thoughts had this ffect upon me—to melt my heart much by God's ove, and to warm it with love to Him.

"Then I prayed. I was enabled in that duty to our out my soul to God, and my heart was in it arried out to praise God, and I was large in reounting many of God's special mercies to me.

"Those mercies which in an especial manner I was rateful for were, the creation and redemption of the vorld, and for the gospel and the sacraments, and or free grace and the covenant of grace, and the

excellent means of it I had enjoyed; and for the great patience God hath exercised towards me, both before and since my conversion. And for checks of conscience when I had sinned, and for repentance when I had done so. And for a sanctified affliction and supports under it. And for so large a portion of worldly blessings. And I had also this evening large meditations of death and of eternity, which thoughts had this effect upon me—to make me in an extraordinary awakened frame, in which the things of another life were much realized to me, and did make very deep impressions upon me. And my soul did follow hard after God for grace to serve Him better than I had ever yet done."

The whole of this last entry in Lady Warwick's diary is valuable as a record of the attitude of a truly Christian soul in that period of clearer vision which so often immediately precedes the final summons. It is also significant as an exposition of her views, and therefore, no doubt, those of her spiritual guides, on the much abused subject of conversion. Clearly she did not take it to mean a miraculous turning to God, precluding the possibility of further backslidings in daily life.

Lady Warwick was buried at Felsted, April 30th, 1678, and, according to the custom of the time, a sermon dealing fully with her life and character was preached at her funeral. The preacher was Dr. Walker, then rector of Fyfield, in Essex, some fifteen miles from Braintree. He had been her friend and adviser during the whole of her married

life, although in her later years she had derived much consolation from the ministrations of Mr. Woodroffe, her domestic chaplain. Dr. Walker's sermon was afterwards published under the title of "The Virtuous Woman Found," and it contains many interesting biographical references. The learned doctor, from his constant converse with Lady Warwick, had formed a very high estimate of her virtues, and he gives her most unstinted praise as a wife, a mother, a mistress, and a friend. We learn from him that she always expended a third part of her income in charitable uses. She provided wholly or in part for many hopeful scholars at the Universities, and educated numbers of young children at schools in neighbouring towns. She assisted many ministers, both nonconformists who had been forced to leave their benefices by the Act of 1662, and also conforming clergymen whose livings were too small to yield them a proper subsistence. His testimony as to her religious views, couched in the quaint language of his time and order, is convincing: "She very inoffensively regularly, devoutly observed all the orders of the Church of England, in its liturgy and public service which she failed not to attend twice a day with exemplary reverence; yet she was very far from placing religion in ritual observances. And I may not deny that she would sometimes warm her heart (though never with strange fire) at private altars in her own chamber or closet.

"She would perfume the company with good

discourse, to prevent idle or worse communication, not abruptly, upbraidingly or importunely, which is very nauseous and fulsome, and spoils a good game by bad playing. But she was like a spiritual stove; you should feel the heat and not see the fire, and find yourself in other company amongst the same persons, and rather wonder than perceive how you came there."

Dr. Walker had been the confidant of the husband as well as of the wife, and he alone knew how much the Earl of Warwick really valued and trusted her. At the time of the death of their only son, the Earl's chief fear was that the loss would kill his wife, who was, he said, more to him than a hundred sons. He left her sole executrix of his will, with a life-interest in all his property, which she managed admirably as a sacred trust, not only towards her husband's family, but towards the tenants.

When she began to keep a diary, Dr. Walker says that she consulted two, whom she used to call her soul-friends—probably himself and Mr. Woodroffe—concerning the best manner of performing it. At first she wrote it every evening; "but finding that inconvenient by reason of her lord's long illness, which gave her many inevitable diversions and interruptions at that season, she changed the time into the quiet, silent morning, always rising early."

Besides her diary, a few other writings of the Countess of Warwick have been preserved, a letter called "Rules for a Holy Life," which she wrote

to her friend George, Earl of Berkeley, at his request,[1] and sundry meditations upon special incidents in her life, and upon various passages of Scripture. One of the most graceful and suggestive of these meditations is entitled, "Upon looking out of my window at Chelsea, upon the Thames."

"This sweet river, which I looked upon with so much pleasure and delight, while it was smooth, serene, and calm, when a sudden tempest rose unexpectedly, and made it rough and troubled, proved rather frightful than delightful to me, and made me shut my window, and cease looking on it. This minds me what an alluring attractiveness there is in persons calm and patient, free from the boisterous disorders of turbulent passions, who entertain the eyes of all beholders delightfully, while they continue so. But if that admired gentleness be by a sudden eruption of their passions turned into fury, the very form of their visage seems to be changed, and looks frightful to all beholders, and very unalluring." The meditation concludes with a prayer to God to keep her from unbeseeming passions, so

[1] The commencement of this letter exhibits not only her wonted earnestness and insight, but a certain dry humour, reminding us of some of the quaint utterances of Thomas Fuller. "I will begin my first rule of advice to your lordship, with desiring you not to turn the day into night, and by sleeping so long in the morning, give yourself only time in haste to put on your clothes, and it may be, sometimes with more haste to say a short formal prayer, to stop the mouth of a natural conscience, which for haste you hardly mind yourself; and therefore have little reason to expect God should."

that by sweetness and gentleness she might adorn her holy profession, and excite others to be imitators of those graces. How heartfelt this desire was may be judged from the reproaches she casts upon herself in various passages in her diary, when she had been led to give way to angry expressions towards those who had provoked her indignation or disapproval.

The words of George Herbert, the friend of Isaac Walton, Ken's brother-in-law, and almost foster-father,—

> "—— even the greatest griefs
> May be reliefs;
> Could man but take them right, and in their ways.
> Happy is he, whose heart
> Hath found the art,
> To turn his double pains to double praise,"

seem peculiarly applicable to Mary, Countess of Warwick, for her life is a noble record of a steadfast walk with God under many trying and distracting circumstances. Her religion was by no means of a sentimental or emotional order; it was a deliberate choice and a fixed habit. At the same time she was perfectly, almost painfully, conscious of the daily effort required to maintain a high standard towards ourselves and towards others. Her domestic life, rich and splendid as it was in outward appearance, was more than usually chequered. Motherless, almost from her birth, she had only the dictates of her own heart to guide her as she passed from girlhood into womanhood. She was

still young in years when her beloved and only son was taken from her. All her hopes of earthly happiness were centred in him, and the world looked dreary indeed when he was removed from it. Many a mother would have sunk in unutterable despair under such a blow, but her deep and abiding sense of God's mercy supported her through all her trials. She was unwavering and faithful to the end, often weary but never hopeless. This is the secret of the absence of censoriousness towards others which we note in her writings; they might err again and again, wounding her in the very depths of her heart, but her love and charity were unfailing, and she set to work for them with renewed vigour. So conspicuous an example of what a great lady should be in her home and household, and in the social world, to which she owes no less a duty, was, we know by the testimony of her friends, a very real power for good in her own day.

Is the lesson to be learnt from her life less needed now, when so many fail from want of faith, or in other words from lack of any true conviction that they are sent into the world to make it a little better than they found it?

LADY MAYNARD.

MARGARET, LADY MAYNARD.

ONLY a few miles to the north-west of the mansion at Leighs, where Mary, Countess of Warwick, spent so many hours in meditating on things unseen, stands Little Easton Lodge, for twenty years the residence of her friend Margaret, Lady Maynard. Lady Maynard was a daughter of the Earl of Dysart, who went into exile during the Commonwealth on account of his loyalty to the royal house. She married, when about twenty years of age, William, Lord Maynard, a widower with two children, some fifteen years her senior. Lord Maynard was Comptroller of the Household to Charles II., and his name is mentioned several times by Evelyn and other contemporary writers. In 1687 he was dismissed from his official post by James II., in consequence of his opposition to the Declaration of Indulgence. After the flight of the King in the following year he, like Lord Nottingham and others, was in favour of a Regency. James had granted him a pension on his dismissal, which was continued by William III. until Lord Maynard's death in 1699.

Beyond the references made by Lady Warwick

to her friend's visits to Leighs, where they often had "good discourse" together, almost all our knowledge of Lady Maynard's life is derived from the funeral sermon preached by Thomas Ken, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, on her death in 1682. Ken was presented to the Rectory of Little Easton in 1663, and held the living for two years. He was twenty-six years old in 1663, and it is probable that he was introduced to Lord Maynard, the patron of the living, by friends of the young Baroness. He remained on terms of close intimacy with Lady Maynard for all the rest of her life. She was to him the very type of a virtuous and spiritually minded woman, and there is little doubt from abundant internal evidence in the poem that she was the original of Hilda in his epic of "Edmund."

A small copy of Ken's funeral sermon on Lady Maynard is preserved in the British Museum, with a dedication to Lord Maynard, Baron of Eastains. The text is taken from Proverbs xi. 16 : "A gracious woman retaineth honour." The title page states that the sermon was preached at the funeral of the Right Hon. the Lady Margaret Mainard, at Little Easton, in Essex, on the 30th June, 1682, by Thomas Ken, D.D., one of His Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary. It was printed in London by M. Flesher, for Joanna Brome, at the sign of the Gun in St. Paul's Churchyard, and in Winchester by William Clarke, bookseller. Another copy, bound in red morocco, stands on the communion table in the chapel of Ham House, Twickenham, the residence

of the Duchess of Lauderdale, Lady Maynard's sister, which still belongs to the Dysart family. Ham House, built in 1610, was granted by Charles I., in 1643, to the friend of his boyhood, William Murray, whom he created Earl of Dysart. The earl's eldest daughter Elizabeth, became on her father's death Countess of Dysart in her own right, and the title devolved on her eldest son by her first husband, Sir Lionel Tollemache. Her second husband, the Duke of Lauderdale, by whom she had no issue, was a leading member of the Cabal ministry in the reign of Charles II. The Duke and Duchess spent large sums on the adornment of Ham House, which remains much as they left it. It is curious to note that a Prayer-book once belonging to Rachel, Lady Russell, is preserved in the drawing-room.

Lady Maynard lost her mother during her father's exile, when she was only twelve years old. During her girlhood she attended the ministrations of Dr. Mossom, Rector of St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf, one of the few divines bold enough to perform the services of the Church of England in public during the Commonwealth. Thruscross, a fellow of Eton, and a friend of Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gidding, so well known to readers of "John Inglesant," was another of her teachers. When residing in the country she often visited Brian Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, afterwards translated to Winchester. She devoted a portion of her yearly income to the relief of the Royalists, personally ministering to the wants of many among them.

After her marriage with Lord Maynard she was often at court, living, like Mrs. Godolphin, in the world, but not corrupted by its atmosphere. She was very regular in attending daily public prayer, and in receiving the sacrament. Her husband fully approved of her pious habits, and Ken says that in her letters to Lord Maynard, none of which, unfortunately, have been preserved, she often gave him the most affectionate thanks imaginable for his invaluable and unparalleled kindness to her.

Two children blessed her union with Lord Maynard. Her chief care for them was that they should be brought up to lead Christian lives. She esteemed worldly amusements little, and her last wish for her son was that he might never be what in those corrupt days was called a wit or a fine gentleman. She took great personal interest in her servants, and never failed to express her gratitude for all services rendered to her. Her charities to the sick and needy were large, and she was especially anxious that the former should receive skilful medical aid.

Bishop Ken says that her understanding was admirable, and that her letters to her absent friends and relations were of the highest spiritual value. At the same time, one of her chief characteristics was her humility. She was so little given to talk, and had so much adroitness in concealing her goodness, that it did not strike a casual observer.

Ken, who had been living quietly at Winchester, where he held a prebendal stall, after his return from acting as chaplain to the Princess of Orange at the

ague in 1679, was summoned to Little Easton to end the death-bed of Lady Maynard in June, 82. She had been ill at Whitehall, and after hitsuntide removed to Easton Lodge, not from y hope of recovery, but for the sake of getting ne little relief from the air, and that she might end her last days in a place which she loved, and ere she had done so much good to the people. e appears to have rallied at first, and then to have nk rapidly, for Ken records that she received the rament on Whit Sunday (of course in London), d would have received it again, "had not her ath surprised us." She was buried on the last y of the month in the mortuary chapel attached the church, in which there are many memorials the Maynard family.

It is much to be regretted that none of the letters t passed between Lady Maynard and Bishop n have been preserved. There is little doubt t she corresponded with him regularly in the ne way that Lady Russell corresponded with his nd Fitzwilliam.

Thomas Ken exercised great influence over many sons of very different character. Notwithstanding his resolute refusal to admit Nell Gwynn to his bendal residence at Winchester, Charles II. made n Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1684. Burnett, erwards Bishop of Salisbury, a very different type man—self-assertive, fond of the society of the at, and by no means wanting in the proverbial alities of the canny Scot—gives testimony to the

beauty of Ken's discourses, and also says that t
King seemed fond of him. During his chaplair
at the Hague he had earned the gratitude of M
and the respect of William. James II. felt as m
personal friendship for Ken as it was in his nat
to feel for anybody. He selected him to atte
Monmouth before his execution, led no doubt to t
choice by his observation of Ken's spiritual pow
at the death-bed of his brother, Charles II.

Ken was especially famous as a preacher, and
books of devotion were eagerly sought after.
1685 Dr. Fitzwilliam recommended one of them
Lady Russell, which she mentions in her reply un
the title of "Seraphic Meditations." There is lit
doubt that the book referred to was his "Pract
of Divine Love," which appeared in that year a
has been several times republished. Lady W
wick, we know from her own diary, frequently w
to hear him preach when in London, and deri
much consolation from his moving and eloqu
sermons.

Even after the course of political events incid
to the Revolution of 1688 and the accession
William and Mary, had caused Ken as a nonju
to retire from public life, his influence remained c
siderable among many distinguished persons, es
cially in the West of England. Among his l
compositions is to be found a collection of poe
addressed to the granddaughters of Lord W
mouth, for twenty years his hospitable host
Longleat. Ken's sympathy for children was one

the most delightful sides of his character. Their freshness and purity drew him towards them with cords of love. The poems he sent to Frances and Mary Thynne, afterwards respectively Duchess of Somerset and Lady Brooke, are in the form of a dialogue to be spoken by the two children. The lines allotted to Frances in the second poem—

> "True, Molly, and when old we grow,
> The less the world and sin we know,
> The more like children we remain,
> The greater blessings we shall gain"—

are peculiarly significant of the steadfastness of Ken's views on the necessity of abstaining from all tampering with evil. Nearly thirty years before he had felt that the highest praise that could be given to his beloved friend Lady Maynard was that she had ever preserved her baptismal innocence, and kept herself unspotted from the world.

MRS. HUTCHINSON.

ALTHOUGH the subject of our present chapter can scarcely be said to have belonged in any sense to the court of Charles II., her memoirs are so intimately connected with the political events which shaped the career of that monarch, that no account of the eminent women of the Restoration could be considered complete in which she was not included.

Lucy Hutchinson, born in London Jan. 29th, 1619–20, was the elder daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower to James I. and Charles I., by his third wife Lucy, daughter of Sir William St. John. The Apsleys were people of distinction in Suffolk, and allied with nearly all the great families in that county. Allen Apsley, though the youngest of seven sons, eventually became, for reasons too long to be detailed here, the head of the house, now merged by the marriage of its last female representative into the family of Bathurst. He passed his youth in the household of Queen Elizabeth, then went abroad with the fleet, and was knighted early in the reign of James I. for distinguished services in Ireland. His first wife was a widow of large means. After the death of his

second wife, niece of George Carew, Earl of Totnes, he became victualler of the navy, and finally received the appointment of Lieutenant of the Tower of London.

He was forty-eight years of age when he took for his third wife Lucy St. John, then about sixteen. The third Lady Apsley was by birth a Wiltshire woman, and after the death of her father, Sir William St. John, of Lydiard Tregoz, in that county, she was brought up in the house of his brother. With her uncle's wife she went on a visit to Jersey,[1] (?) where this lady's father was governor. Here she stayed some time in the house of a French minister driven to take shelter in the Channel Islands on account of religious persecution in France, and, says her daughter, "Contracting a dear friendship with this holy man and his wife, she was instructed in their Geneva discipline, which she liked much better than our more superstitious service." Probably this may account for the Puritanical bias shown by her daughter in later years, the Apsley family, according to Mrs. Hutchinson's own testimony, being distinguished for love and loyalty to the reigning house, which generally predicates adherence to what we now call High Church principles. Sir Allen Apsley, who had amassed a considerable fortune, behaved very liberally towards his young wife, allowing her £300 a year—a very large sum in those days—for her private expenses, and giving her all her own portion to do what she liked with im-

[1] Spelt Jernsey by Mrs. Hutchinson.

mediately after their marriage. Lady Apsley was a good housewife, educating her children well, and expending much time and money in charity and works of mercy. Both she and her husband paid much attention to the condition of the political prisoners confined in the Tower, providing the sick with broth and restoratives. It is recorded by her daughter that Lady Apsley furnished Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthin, when incarcerated, with materials for the experiments in chemistry in which they delighted. This liberality served the double purpose of diverting the minds of the prisoners, and of affording Lady Apsley an opportunity of learning how to make medicines for people too poor to call in the aid of physicians. The skill that Mrs. Hutchinson showed in treating the wounded at the siege of Nottingham was probably acquired from her mother, who resided with her at Owthorpe, in her latter years, dying there in 1659.

Sir Allen Apsley lived until his daughter Lucy had attained her eleventh year. Nearly all our knowledge of her is gathered from her own biographical writings, consisting of a fragmentary account of her early years, a "portrait" of her husband addressed to her children, and a detailed life of this famous Puritan leader, occupying two goodly octavo volumes. The manuscripts remained at Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire, until they were edited and published early in the present century by a member of the Hutchinson family. A notebook kept by Mr. Hutchinson during the siege of

Nottingham, which she afterwards used in compiling her husband's life, is preserved in the British Museum.

In the fragment of her own life Mrs. Hutchinson tells us that she received an elaborate education, having as many as eight tutors in languages, music, dancing and needlework, when only eight years of age. She was evidently considered a prodigy of learning by her relatives, her memory was very retentive, and she was encouraged to exercise it before admiring company. This, no doubt, had the effect of rendering her self-conscious, though it stimulated her to make fresh efforts to remember all she learnt. That she was fully aware that she was somewhat of an *enfant terrible* is proved by the not very attractive description she gives of her behaviour as a child. "My genius," she says, "was quite averse from all but my book, and that I was so eager of, that my mother, thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play I would employ in any book I could find, when my own were locked up from me. After dinner and supper I still had an hour allowed me to play, and then I would steal into some hole or other to read. My father would have me learn Latin, and I was so apt that I outstripped my brothers who were at school, although my father's chaplain, that was my tutor, was a pitiful dull fellow. My brothers, who had a great deal of wit, had some emulation at the progress I made in

my learning, which very well pleased my father, though my mother would have been contented I had not so wholly addicted myself to that as to neglect my other qualities. As for music and dancing I profited very little in them, and never would practise my lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with me; and for my needle I absolutely hated it; play among other children I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe, that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company; to whom I was very acceptable; and living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of wit, and very profitable serious discourses being frequent at my father's table and in my mother's drawing-room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up things that I would utter again to the great admiration of many that took my memory and imitation for wit." Probably she came more under her mother's restraining influence after the death of her father, to whom, it is easy to read between the lines, most of the spoiling process was due. But Lucy Apsley always remained a student, and in her life of her husband she tells us that when he was paying court to her, "other women, with witty spite represented all her faults to him, which chiefly terminated in the negligence of dress and habit and all womanish ornaments, giving up herself wholly to study and writing."

In her nineteenth year she married John Hutchinson, four years her senior, and eldest surviving son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorpe, Notts, and Lady Margaret Hutchinson, daughter of Sir John Byron, of Newstead. Sir Thomas Hutchinson was a great student of divinity, and collected a library of theological works at Owthorpe, which remained intact till towards the end of the last century. He was well known as a magistrate in his own county, was several times one of its representatives, and sat in the Long Parliament until his death in 1643. Lady Margaret Hutchinson died beloved and respected by the whole neighbourhood at the early age of twenty-six, leaving two sons, John Hutchinson, husband of Lucy Apsley, and George, who married her younger sister Barbara. Lady Margaret had been a great favourite of the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart, who passed much of her time at Hardwick Hall, in the adjacent county of Derby. Two days after her death, her elder son John, then about three years old, had a narrow escape for his life. As soon as he heard of his sister's death, Sir John Byron came over to Owthorpe, made arrangements for a speedy funeral, and carried off the disconsolate widower and little John Hutchinson to his own house. George Hutchinson, then an infant, was left behind at his nurse's. The coach horses ran away between Owthorpe and Nottingham, and all the occupants of the carriage jumped out except John's maid, who had the boy in her arms. Finding that there was

no chance of the high mettled animals coming to a standstill, she wrapped him in her mantle and threw him as far as she could into a ploughed field. He was picked up unharmed, and soon became much beloved in his uncle's family.

In due course John and George were sent to board with Mr. Theobalds, master of the Free School at Nottingham. When Mr. Theobalds, who was childless and fairly well off, "grew lazy and gave up his school," Sir Thomas Hutchinson sent his sons to the Free School at Lincoln. The head-master, Mr. Clarke, though famous for learning and piety, seems to have been little more than a hard-hearted pedant. The discomfort of this establishment was so great, and the discipline so severe, that the health of the younger brother gave way, and John remained there by himself. Most of the boys in the school at Lincoln were sons of gentlemen, and a soldier was employed to instruct them in the use of arms. The famous Colonel Thornhagh, as well as Colonel Hutchinson, owed his early military training to this school. After the death of Sir Thomas Grantham, a great friend of the Hutchinson family, who lived in almost princely state at Lincoln, John Hutchinson came back to Nottingham for a while, and then went to Cambridge as a fellow commoner at Peterhouse. Here he stayed five years, taking his degree when he was about twenty. His father made him a good allowance while he was at the university, and in addition to more serious studies, we are told he cultivated music and tennis. He was a constant

attendant at his college chapel, and his biographer does not omit to tell us that he noticed the tendency of the authorities to stretch superstition to idolatry in the public services.[1]

After he left college John Hutchinson went to London and entered Lincoln's Inn. But the study of the law had few charms for him, and finding town unhealthy, he repaired to the residence of his music master, 'a skilful virtuoso, at Richmond, whither many people were attracted by the vicinity of the court. In the musicians' house, where he boarded, he met Lady Apsley's younger daughter Barbara, "tabled for the practice of her lute," while her mother and elder sister were in Wiltshire visiting their relatives. Lady Apsley evidently had a house near Richmond, and Mr. Hutchinson went to see it in company with Barbara. Here he found Latin books and other proofs of her elder sister's studious pursuits, and he began to manifest great desire to see the young lady of whom he had heard so much from her sister and other friends and acquaintances. Love sprang up on both sides as soon as they were introduced on her return from Lydiard Tregoz, and the marriage of John Hutchinson and Lucy Apsley took place on July 3rd, 1638, at St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. They lived in London for some months, and then took a house at Enfield, where

[1] Dr. Jessop says that Peterhouse, the oldest college in Cambridge, never had a chapel till the present building was consecrated in 1632. It must therefore have been quite new when John Hutchinson worshipped there.

their twin sons, Thomas and Edward, were born on Sept. 3rd, 1639.

It is easy to judge that marriage was a turning-point, not only in the career, but in the character of the young wife. Naturally inclined to be self-contained and self-sufficient, Lucy Hutchinson threw off her reserve when the magic wand of love had touched her heart. Fortunately the object of her affections was a thoroughly worthy one, and the generosity of her own nature is shown by her full and free recognition of the benefits her husband's influence conferred upon her. Referring to their mutual relations, she writes: "The greatest excellency she had was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his; so, as his shadow, she waited on him everywhere, till he was taken into that region of light which admits of none, and then she vanished into nothing. 'Twas not her face he loved, her honour and her virtue were his mistresses, and these images of his own making, for he polished and gave form to what he found with all the roughness of the quarry about it; but meeting with a compliant subject for his own wise government, he found as much satisfaction as he gave, and never had occasion to number his marriage among his infelicities." We may infer that John and Lucy Hutchinson were a very well-matched couple. Both were no doubt somewhat narrow-minded, and their strong mutual affection tended to confirm them in their religious prejudices. Mr. Hutchinson was in all public matters probably as little tolerant as

other leaders of his time and party; but his wife's steadfast admiration for him after years of life together proves that in domestic and private relations he was neither harsh nor tyrannical.

Mr. Hutchinson, whose tastes resembled those of his father, turned much attention to the study of divinity during the year or two he remained in the neighbourhood of London. His wife and her mother wished to procure some office for him about the Government, but political troubles beginning to thicken, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson retired to Owthorpe, in October, 1641. Sir Thomas was then attending the sittings of the Long Parliament, and a few happy months were passed in the company of George Hutchinson before the final outbreak of the Civil War.

The lives of Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson became from this time forward so closely connected with contemporary history, that in order to understand the position they assumed it is necessary to form a clear idea of the various parties into which the nation was divided. That the Reformation was then a comparatively recent event—the beginning of it not much farther off than the Battle of Waterloo is from us—must be kept well in mind when we are considering this period, and this will help us to understand the interest, and we may add, the bitterness manifested in religious and ecclesiastical matters. There is little doubt that at the time of the Reformation many ecclesiastical institutions had become discredited, more especially the monasteries.

If, as a well-known modern writer has argued, it is inconceivable that an institution, not of public benefit, should have existed for several hundred years, supported by fresh benefactions from the faithful laity in each century, it is equally inconceivable that an institution still commanding great popular favour should have been suppressed at the will of the king without indignant protest on the part of the people. In fact, we may take it for granted that the monasteries, excellent though they may have been as places of shelter and succour in harder and more troublous times, had become little more than luxurious retreats under the early Tudors. Even the lore taught in them had ceased to be highly esteemed, for the New Learning—a gradual revolt from the narrow scholasticism of the middle ages—was spreading over the greater portion of the civilized world. Henry VIII. was adroit enough to see that the time was ripe for that separation from Rome, which he desired almost exclusively for political and personal reasons. Broadly speaking, the nation, *quâ* its religion, was divided into three parties after the Reformation, and continued to be divided on much the same lines for a couple of hundred years after it. The largest party of all was convinced of the necessity and desirability of reform in internal administration, and also thoroughly endorsed the policy of resisting the pretensions of Rome. But in matters of ritual it was tolerant, and unless persuaded that any special observance had some symbolic meaning at variance with its

opinions, it would have been well content to let the parish churches remain much as they were. This was what we should now call the Church of England party. Then there was the numerically much smaller party that desired no change, and was continually hankering after a return to the old state of things in every particular. This was the Roman Catholic party. Thirdly, there was the at first small, but afterwards greatly increased party that had fallen under the influence of the Geneva reformers, and desired a radical re-statement of doctrine, and the abolition of all forms of symbolic ritual. This was the Puritan party. We see these three divisions alternating in influence under Henry VIII.'s successors of the Tudor House. Queen Elizabeth, though it is difficult to determine whether she had any distinct religious belief at all, certainly was a supporter of the historic Church of England, and for the Puritan party and their successors to claim her as an upholder of the glorious Reformation, in their sense of the term, was an absolute perversion of fact, though until recent times many of those who made this claim were quite unaware of their error. James I., like Gallio, really cared for none of these things. Brought up in the strictest Calvinism, as represented under its dreariest aspect in Scotland, he was entirely unaffected by its doctrines or practice, except so far as he found them useful in supporting his own position, and when he came to England, he was only too glad to let ecclesiastical matters remain as he found them. His

civil government was arbitrary, and his foreign policy in the main anti-Protestant. Almost all the ills which afflicted this country in the days of Charles I. may be traced to the selfishness, fatuity, and obstinacy of his father.

Allowing for her religious bias, Mrs. Hutchinson gives a wonderfully just account of the history of her own time and of the period preceding it. When Charles I. came to the throne, the little favoured Puritan party was still further affronted and disgusted by his marriage with a Roman Catholic princess. His subsequent efforts to make all his subjects conform to absolute rule in Church and State, in which he was amply assisted, or rather led on, by Laud and Wentworth, excited the disapproval of the Moderate party, and the passionate resistance of the Puritan section. The conviction that English political liberties were being assailed, also induced large numbers of people, who did not feel strongly enough on the religious question to have actively interfered on this ground alone, to support the parliament in its opposition to the arbitrary demands of the ill-advised king and his favourite counsellors. It is rather hard to realize that the period of Charles the First's reign preceding the outbreak of civil war was much longer than the remaining portion. Seventeen years elapsed between his accession and the setting up of the royal standard at Nottingham in 1642, while less than seven years more saw all the great parliamentary battles and the final collapse of the king, beheaded Jan. 30th, 1649. Almost a

generation had grown up in those momentous seventeen years, during which five parliaments were elected and four dissolved, with a lengthened period between the third and fourth, when the king ruled without the assistance of the people. In 1628 the Petition of Right had been granted, which declared all taxation illegal that had not obtained the sanction of parliament, yet next year the parliament was dissolved, and another not summoned till 1640. In 1634–5, ship-money, a tax occasionally imposed in time of war, was levied throughout the country, and heroically resisted by John Hampden, who, although he technically lost the verdict in the great trial in the Court of Exchequer, was yet almost universally felt to have right and justice on his side. In 1638 the Scotch entered into a covenant to resist all innovations in their form of religion, and two years afterwards appealed to arms, marched into England and defeated the royal vanguard at Newburn. In November, 1640, the Long Parliament assembled, abolished the obnoxious Court of the Star Chamber, and other arbitrary tribunals, declared ship-money illegal, and enacted that parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent. Strafford was impeached of high treason, condemned and executed in 1641, with the reluctant sanction of the king. In the following year Charles went to the House of Commons for the purpose of arresting the five most prominent members of the opposition, including Hampden and Pym. The attempt was a failure, as the members in question, warned

of his intention, had quitted the House. Parliament passed a bill placing the control of the militia, the army of those days, and the appointment of military officers, in its own hands. The king refused his assent, and civil war became inevitable. Meanwhile a terrible insurrection was going on in Ireland, the Roman Catholic inhabitants having risen against the reformed settlers in Ulster, and wholesale massacres and deeds of violence were perpetrated on both sides.

Such was the condition of affairs when the king's retirement to York brought him almost within hailing distance of the peaceful retreat at Owthorpe. Many circumstances combined to incline the sympathies of Mr. Hutchinson to the side of the Parliament. His religious opinions, no doubt strengthened by those of his wife and her mother, were distinctly Calvinistic, and opposed to the broader views and greater toleration in doctrine represented by Arminius, the celebrated pastor of the great church at Amsterdam. His father, Sir Thomas Hutchinson, manfully stood up for civil liberty in the earlier parliaments of Charles I., and was at the time now treated of an active member of the Long Parliament. Henry Ireton, afterwards son-in-law of Cromwell, "a stout rebel," as Evelyn calls him, was a near kinsman of the Hutchinson family, and he naturally threw all his influence into the scale to induce his young cousin to declare himself in favour of resistance to the king. Mrs. Hutchinson says that during his residence at Owthorpe in 1641–42 her hus-

band "applied himself to understand the things then in dispute, and read all the public papers that came forth, between the king and parliament, besides many other private treatises, both concerning the present and foregoing times. Hereby he became abundantly informed in his understanding, and convinced in conscience of the righteousness of the parliament's cause in point of civil right; and though he was satisfied of the endeavours to reduce (*i.e.*, bring back) Popery, and subvert the true Protestant religion, which indeed was apparent to every one that impartially considered it, yet he did not think that so clear a ground of war as the defence of the just English liberties; and although he was clearly swayed by his own judgment and reason to the parliament, he, thinking he had no warrantable call at that time to do anything more, contented himself with praying for peace."

While the king was at York, John Hutchinson went thither with some others to present a petition from members of the middle class, the yeomen and freeholders of the neighbourhood, begging Charles to enter into an accommodation with the parliament. Here he met his cousins, the Byrons, who were not a little annoyed and disconcerted at finding him thus associated with the classes that mainly supported the parliament. Their arguments were, however, used in vain, for shortly after his return we find him beginning to take an active part on its side by resisting the attempt of the High Sheriff, Sir John Digby, to remove from Nottingham, for the use of the king,

the contents of the powder magazine belonging to the trained bands of the county, with the consent of the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Newark. Through the efforts of Mr. Hutchinson the stores were left intact, much to the chagrin of the Lord Lieutenant, who said he was sorry to find Mr. Hutchinson the head of a faction, adding that he must inform the king, as "his name was already up"; to which Mr. Hutchinson answered that he was glad, if the king "must receive an information of him, it must be from so honourable a person; and for his name, as it rose, so in the name of God let it fall; and so he took his leave and went home."

In the spring of 1642 a similar attempt made in person by the king at Hull failed; he afterwards besieged that place, but was repulsed and retired to York. On August 23rd he set up the royal standard at Nottingham. Mrs. Hutchinson gives no description of this memorable event, merely mentioning the fact, and adding that the king marched thence to Shrewsbury, setting up a mint and coining plate there brought in for his necessities. Most of the Nottinghamshire nobility and gentry were Royalists. Mrs. Hutchinson mentions the Earl of Newcastle, Lord Kingston and his son, Lord Newark, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Chaworth, and Sir John, afterwards Lord, Byron as among the chief supporters of the king. Mr. William Pierrepoint, Lord Kingston's second son, was an active supporter of the parliament, and a younger son, who lived at Nottingham, "coldly owned it." The Earl, afterwards

Duke, of Newcastle, the last but one of the Cavendish line of Newcastle, lies buried in the north transept of Westminster Abbey, together with his duchess, the famous Margaret Lucas, author of some interesting memoirs. The huge palace erected by this duke close to the keep of Bolsover Castle, and never roofed in, is still standing.

A somewhat singular adventure befel Mrs. Hutchinson at Leicester, whither she and her husband had retired after the arrival of the Royalists at Nottingham. Mr. Hutchinson, who had given offence by his unwillingness to allow the king's followers to be quartered in his father's town house at Nottingham, quitted Leicester when a troop of Royalists entered that place. His wife remained in the town, and, oddly enough, found that the Royalist troop was commanded by her own brother, Sir Allen Apsley. Hearing that Prince Rupert's horse were in the neighbourhood, Mr. Hutchinson wrote to his wife to inform her that he could not at present rejoin her at Leicester. The letter was intercepted, and opened at Prince Rupert's quarters before it was sent to her. Among the persons who saw the letter was a Captain Welch, a friend of Sir Allen Apsley's. The day that the prince's horse left the neighbourhood Captain Welch paid a visit to Mrs. Hutchinson, and, while complimenting her, expressed great regret that "she should have a husband so unworthy of her as to enter into any faction which should make him not dare to be seen with her." Eager in defence of her husband, and perhaps half

in jest, half in earnest, desirous to mystify Welch, she called down her brother-in-law George, who happened to be in the house, and presented him to Welch as her husband. Somewhat disconcerted, the captain took his leave, and Mrs. Hutchinson hastened to inform the family with whom she was staying of the trick she had played him. Soon after this, however, Welch returned, bringing with him another gentleman, and arrested George Hutchinson in the name of his brother John. Spite of explanations and protests, Captain Welch, supported by a troop of dragoons, insisted on carrying off George a prisoner. He was conveyed to Derby, and, although his own cousins, the Byrons, and Mrs. Hutchinson's cousin, Lord Grandison, interfered on his behalf, it was with difficulty that his release was effected. Just at this time Mrs. Hutchinson's eldest girl was born, a weakly child, who only lived four years, and died in Nottingham Castle.

Shortly afterwards the Royalist leaders concerted measures for the defence of Newark, and the adherents of the parliament resolved to occupy Nottingham as a place of strength. Mr. Hutchinson, who had been appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of Colonel Pierrepoint's regiment of foot, and his brother George Major, sent a guard to fetch his wife and children to Nottingham, as Lord Chesterfield, brother of Sir Thomas Hutchinson's second wife, was plundering certain other houses in the Vale of Belvoir, near Owthorpe.

The fortification of Nottingham was now begun in

real earnest, the place being of great importance to the parliament as a pass into the North. In the winter time, when the fords could not be used, it was only possible to cross the Trent by the bridges of Nottingham and Newark, and higher up at Wilden Ferry. It was therefore essential to keep one of these crossing places in the hands of the Parliamentarians, and both Newark and Wilden Ferry were in possession of the Royalists. Various events took place during the winter of 1642-3 which complicated matters at Nottingham. The queen returned from France to Burlington with aid for the king, and every effort was made by the adherents of the Crown to afford her an uninterrupted passage to join her husband in the South. In the spring Cromwell, Lord Grey, and other leaders arrived at Nottingham, and altogether five or six thousand soldiers were assembled there. The younger Hotham, son of the governor of Hull, was convicted of treachery and secret connivance with the queen, although he had brought some troops out of Yorkshire ostensibly to assist the other parliamentary leaders. He was imprisoned in Nottingham Castle, but escaped on his journey to London. He was afterwards retaken, condemned, and executed with his father, Sir John Hotham, so well known for his refusal to admit Charles I. into Hull in 1642.

Some of the queen's forces came to Nottingham, and Mrs. Hutchinson says that the Duc de Vendôme's son and a few others were slain before the town by cannon discharged from the fortifications.

The queen made good her journey from Yorkshire, where she had remained some months, and joined the king at Oxford. Sir John Meldrum, the parliamentary commander of the forces at Nottingham, then withdrew the troops for more important service at Gainsborough and elsewhere. Before he left Nottingham he called the authorities together to consider in whose hands its government should be left, Colonel Pierrepoint, whom we judge from Mrs. Hutchinson's account to have always been half-hearted in the business, lying under suspicion at that time. Colonel Hutchinson was unanimously appointed governor, and Colonel Pierrepoint subscribed the appointment, though, says Mrs. Hutchinson, "with a secret discontent in his heart, not for any ill opinion or ill affection he had to Mr. Hutchinson's person, but for that he resented it as a great affront that himself was passed by. It is true that this discontent produced some envious and malicious practices, secretly in him, against Mr. Hutchinson, who in the end overcame him with so many good offices in requital of his bad ones, that he lived and died full of love and acknowledgment of kindness to him."

Mrs. Hutchinson gives a most interesting account of the castle and town of Nottingham, which we transcribe in full, thinking it cannot fail to be acceptable to the large number of readers who are familiar with modern Nottingham. The castle[1] is now secured to the town in perpetuity as a museum and

[1] The present Renaissance building was begun about 1674 by the Duke of Newcastle above mentioned, and finished in 1679.

picture gallery. The population of Nottingham is over 200,000, and there are upwards of twenty parish churches in it, a remarkable contrast to the state of things existing in the reign of Charles I., when it was little more than a small country town. Its prosperity is mainly due to the development of the machine-made lace trade, of which it is the principal centre in this country.

"The castle," says our author, "was built upon a rock, and nature had made it capable of very strong fortification, but the buildings were very ruinous and uninhabitable, neither affording room to lodge soldiers or provisions. The castle stands at one end of the town upon such an eminence as commands the chief streets of the town. There had been enlargements made to this castle after the first building of it. There was a strong tower, which they called the old tower, built upon the top of all the rocks, and this was the place where Queen Isabel, the mother of King Edward the Third, was surprised with her paramour Mortimer, who by secret windings and hollows in the rock came up into her chamber from the meadows lying low under it, through which there ran a little rivulet, called the Line, almost under the castle rock. At the entrance of this rock there was a spring, which was called Mortimer's Well, and the cavern Mortimer's Hole. The ascent to the top is very high, and not without some wonder at the top of the rock, there is a spring of water; in the midway to the top of this tower there is a little piece of the rock on which

a dove-cot had been built, but the governor took down the roof of it, and made it a platform for two or three pieces of ordnance, which commanded some streets and all the meadows better than the higher tower. Under that tower, which was the old castle, there was a larger castle, where there had been several towers and many noble rooms, but the most of them were down. The yard of that was pretty large, and without the gate there was a very large yard that had been walled, but the walls were all down; only it was situated upon the ascent of the rock, and so stood a pretty height above the streets; and there were the ruins of an old pair of gates, with turrets on each side.

"Before the castle, the town was on one side of a close, which commanded the fields approaching the town; which close the governor afterwards made a platform; behind it was a place called the Park, that belonged to the castle, but then had neither deer nor trees in it, except one, growing under the castle, which was almost a prodigy, for from the root to the top there was not one straight twig or branch of it; some said it was planted by King Richard the Third, and resembled him that set it. On the other side the castle was the little river Line, and beyond that large flat meadows bounded by the river Trent. In the whole rock there were many large caverns, where a great magazine and many hundred soldiers might have been disposed, if they had been cleansed and prepared for it, and might have been kept secure from any danger of

firing the magazines by any mortar-pieces shot against the castle. In one of these places it was reported that one David, a Scotch king (David II., taken prisoner at Nevil's Cross by Edward III.), was kept in cruel durance, and with his nails had scratched on the wall the story of Christ and His twelve apostles. The castle was not flanked, and there were no works about it, when Mr. Hutchinson undertook it, but only a little breastwork before the outmost gate. It was as ill provided as fortified, there being but ten barrels of powder, eleven hundred and fifty pounds of butter and as much cheese, eleven quarters of bread-corn, seven beeves, two hundred and fourteen flitches of bacon, five hundred and sixty fishes, and fifteen hogsheads of beer. As soon as the governor received his charge, he made proclamation in the town, that whatsoever honest persons desired to secure themselves or their goods in the castle should have reception there, if they would repair their quarters, which divers well-affected men accepting, it was presently made capable of receiving 400 men commodiously."

After the departure of Sir John Meldrum, Colonel Hutchinson found it necessary to remove the guns from the large works that had been made in the town, and to draw them up to the castle. His chief reasons for taking this measure were the number of men it would require to defend the works, and the doubtful fidelity of the townspeople to the cause of the parliament. But his action caused a mutiny amongst the principal inhabitants,

fourteen of whom, with Alderman Drury at their head, were conveyed prisoners to Derby under the charge of Major Ireton. These circumstances led to an altercation between the governor and Dr. Plumptre, a famous Nottingham physician, who had treated George Hutchinson successfully for epilepsy in early youth. Plumptre provoked Colonel Hutchinson to such a degree that he struck him, whereupon the former quitted Nottingham with his family in high dudgeon. The doctor, who in the main sided with the parliament, had much talent for sarcasm, and is said in Thoroton's History of Notts to have "printed a book of epigrams." Sir Thomas Hutchinson, whose widely expressed satisfaction at his son's cure had done much to increase Dr. Plumptre's reputation, had turned against him on account of "some abusive scoffs given out against his lady." It may here be mentioned that Sir Thomas Hutchinson was buried near the altar in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, on his death about this time in 1643, aged fifty-five. His second wife, Catherine Stanhope, the lady in question, survived him for more than fifty years. She was buried near her husband in 1694, aged one hundred and two. Sir Thomas Hutchinson left all his personal estate to the children of his second marriage, who, like their mother, were staunch Royalists.

About three hundred men—soldiers, officers, and ministers—retired into the castle and boarded there at Colonel Hutchinson's expense. The parliament afterwards made a grant towards the maintenance

of this hospitality, but Mrs. Hutchinson says it did not defray the third part of the cost, only £10 a month being allowed by the State. The Colonel's expenses in the public service amounted to more than £1,500 a year. The soldiers' pay was in a chronic state of six months' arrear. Meanwhile the Vale of Belvoir was harassed by the enemy, and the Hutchinsons' house at Owthorpe was rendered almost uninhabitable.

All the autumn and winter passed in preparations for resisting real or pretended attacks upon Nottingham Castle. One of the most important attacks took place in September, when the town was ransacked and plundered by several hundred Cavaliers from Newark, under Sir Richard Byron, governor of that place, and the inveterate opponent of his cousin, John Hutchinson. The latter sent to Leicester and Derby for assistance. Very few soldiers were then within the castle, and no surgeon at all. The guns were directed against the town and did much execution, but the Cavaliers had taken possession of the steeple of St. Nicholas' Church, which commanded the castle yard. Their bullets, discharged from this coign of vantage, worked great havoc among Colonel Hutchinson's men, and obliged him to throw up earth-works in the yard during the night to protect them. For strategic reasons he afterwards pulled down this church, but it was subsequently rebuilt. Relief came in the person of Captain White, of Leicester, at the head of four hundred men, on Saturday, September 23rd, after

four days of constant watching. The Royalist party then withdrew from the town to a fort they had made near the bridge over the Trent. The governor took two pieces of ordnance down to the market place, and wished to proceed to attack the fort, but finding that the relief party were not willing to aid in the attempt, he retired with them into the castle. True to her womanly instincts, Mrs. Hutchinson prepared as good a supper as possible against the return of her husband and his followers and guests. The chapel of the castle and a dungeon-like place called the Lion's Den were filled with prisoners taken during the skirmishes in the town. Mrs. Hutchinson dressed the wounds of five of her husband's men first, and then turned her attention to those of the enemy. Her scrupulous modesty and self-abnegation are so admirably shown in the account she gives of the medical succour afforded to the five Parliamentarians, that it is well to transcribe it verbatim. "In the encounter five of our men were hurt, who, for want of another surgeon, were brought to the governor's wife, and she having some excellent balsams and plaisters in her closet, with the assistance of a gentleman that had some skill, dressed all their wounds, whereof some were dangerous, being all shots, with such good success, that they were all well cured in convenient time."

After disposing of these sufferers, Mrs. Hutchinson, standing at the door of her own apartment, saw three prisoners, badly cut and bleeding, being taken down to the Lion's Den. She immediately

ordered them to be brought back to her for treatment. By this humane conduct she gave great offence to one Palmer, a Presbyterian minister, who by his own desire had been made captain of a troop of horse. Probably this individual had a grudge against the governor and his wife for advising him, in reply to his demand for counsel, that having entered into a charge of another kind, he should march with the men as chaplain, and not accept a commission as captain. He and another minister distinguished themselves by walking up and down the castle yard and insulting the poor prisoners as they were brought in. Palmer afterwards attacked the governor for calling some of the prisoners of distinction in to supper with him. Shortly afterwards Colonel Hutchinson organized an attack on the fort, from which the Royalists withdrew under cover of night, destroying two arches of the bridge over the Trent to prevent pursuit. Attempts were made by persons favourable to the Cavaliers to fire the town after their departure, and we read that patrols were kept up during the night by fifty women in company to prevent the operations of these incendiaries.

During the autumn many dissensions took place in Nottingham, chiefly caused by the various factions created in consequence of petty jealousies. Power and place were much coveted by the Parliamentary leaders throughout the country, more especially when the tide of success began to turn decidedly in favour of their party. The soldiers

also were difficult to manage, the general fault of all the Parliamentary party being, as Mrs. Hutchinson tersely expresses it, that they were not very obedient to commands, except they knew and approved their employment! Discipline was evidently a troublesome matter under such circumstances. The Earl of Newcastle, probably counting on Colonel Hutchinson's disgust at so unsatisfactory a state of things, made a serious attempt to induce him to hand over the castle to the king, through a common friend, Colonel Dacre. Colonel Hutchinson firmly refused, and having induced the local authorities to settle their differences, and to agree to assist in their own defence, he began to fortify the town about Christmas. In January several attacks were made on it by the Royalists, and successfully repulsed. Among the prisoners brought in to Nottingham Castle was Captain Jammot, who, after he had been for some time incarcerated, bribed a soldier to help him to escape. Both ran away together. Mrs. Hutchinson naïvely remarks that being a Frenchman and a proper black man, some would needs report him to be Prince Rupert, and thereupon raised a great clamour against the governor. What connection existed in the public mind between black Frenchmen and the German prince, son of the king's sister, and grandson of James of Scotland and Anne of Denmark, is not stated. Probably all foreigners were confounded in the hatred manifested to Henrietta Maria by the popular party.

The defenders of the town and castle of Nottingham remained on the alert all the winter and spring. At one time Prince Rupert was daily expected to sit down before the place. But the great defeat of this commander by Cromwell, at Marston Moor, on July 2nd, freed the neighbourhood of any apprehension of attack on his part. The Prince fled to the south, and the Earl of Newcastle escaped abroad. From this time forward Oliver Cromwell became established as the chief military leader on the side of the parliament.

Mrs. Hutchinson's opinion of this remarkable man is in the main very much that held by dispassionate historians of later date. Cromwell possessed one of the most essential characteristics of all great rulers, the power of making all the factions into which the smaller spirits were divided serve the purpose of establishing his own authority. Opinions on political and religious matters occupied quite a secondary place in his mind as his authority became established, and he was not a leader of men in the sense of being a leader of thought. In this particular he resembled almost all other famous rulers, very few of whom have been distinguished for strong feeling in favour of any particular theories, the consolidation of their own power being their chief aim and object. Absolute selfishness is not however implied by such conduct, for there are doubtless periods in the history of nearly every nation when the State can only be saved by a commander strong and far-seeing enough to com-

bine under his influence the rival forces by which it is being torn asunder. The axiom that the weak must go to the wall is frankly held by all despotic rulers. Cromwell sacrificed the king to the parliament, and in its turn the parliament was forced to give way to the army, mainly composed of Independents, who, so long as they were allowed to indulge their religious fanaticism, were well content to support the skilful and almost absolute administration of the Lord Protector. In the ten years of his rule he restored peace, and a great measure of prosperity at home, and made the English name respected abroad as it had never been since the great days of Elizabeth. Royalism and prelacy were in so depressed a condition during Cromwell's supremacy that he scarcely needed to reckon with them, but the two great parties into which the country was divided—the Presbyterians and the Independents—he kept in hand with the greatest address during the rise of his power. The Presbyterians were, as their name implies, the inveterate opponents of the Episcopal form of Church government. They desired to maintain strict discipline and conformity in public worship on their own narrow lines, while the Independents asserted the most absolute right of private judgment both in doctrine and practice. At the period of which we are now speaking Cromwell was a supporter of the latter party, to which Colonel Hutchinson also belonged in the sequel. But Hutchinson was far too single-minded, too enthusiastic at heart, in fact, to be ever truly

acceptable to Cromwell as a colleague. They had been associated in bringing treachery and plunder of friend and foe home to the younger Hotham, and Cromwell was so impressed with Colonel Hutchinson's righteous ardour in the business that his wife says he "made it his care to prevent him from being in any power or capacity to pursue him to the same punishment when he deserved it; but from that time growing into more intimate acquaintance with him, he always used to profess the most hearty affection to him, and the greatest delight in his plainness and open-heartedness that was imaginable."

On the passing of the self-denying ordinance in 1645, which decreed that in future no members of parliament should hold any civil or military office, Cromwell was specially excepted, and made Lieutenant-General of the remodelled army under Sir Thomas Fairfax.

When immediate danger had passed away Nottingham once more became a hotbed of strife and small intrigues against the governor, principally fomented by Dr. Plumptre, a lawyer called Chadwick, and a Mr. Millington. In the spring of 1645 Colonel Hutchinson went to London, to answer in person various charges brought against him before parliament. During his absence a surprise attack was made on Nottingham by a party of Cavaliers. They succeeded in taking the fort which guarded the bridges communicating with the pass into the south. The Trent and its con-

fluents were crossed in this wide valley by bridges connected by a causeway. George Hutchinson, who had been left in charge by his brother, managed to send him news of this attack, and Colonel Hutchinson prepared to return at once, not, however, before he had seized the opportunity to go to the bar of the House of Commons and denounce certain enemies within and without Parliament as the real cause of the disaster. Knowledge of the internal dissensions provoked by their machinations had alone given courage to the enemy to attack so strong a place as Nottingham. His remonstrances were well received, and full powers of government assured to him. At Northampton he met his old engineer Hooper, and the defensive measures they took soon caused the Cavaliers to withdraw from the fort. The bridges were then repaired, and the great market, which mainly supported the neighbourhood, was re-established in the town.

Shortly afterwards it was decided to attack and, if possible, disarm Shelford and Wiverton, small strongholds of Cavaliers in the Vale of Belvoir; the first belonging to Lord Chesterfield, and the second to Lord Chaworth. Sir Philip Stanhope, nephew of Lady Catherine Hutchinson, was governor of Shelford; and Colonel Hutchinson offered to treat with him, but only received in reply the confident assertion that Nottingham should soon be laid as flat as a pancake! The colonel then advanced to the attack in earnest. After a severe struggle, the place was taken, and many of the garrison put to

the sword. Stanhope, for all his brave words, was reported to have sat in his chamber wrapped in his cloak all that day: towards its close, however, George Hutchinson found him lying, naked and wounded, upon a dunghill. A surgeon was procured, and every effort made to restore him, but he died next morning. Mrs. Hutchinson says that "upon his desire he had a little priest who had been his father's chaplain; but the man was such a pitiful comforter that Colonel Hutchinson, who had come to visit him, was forced to undertake that office." The night after his death, Shelford House was burnt,—set on fire, it was supposed, by the country people, to prevent another garrison of any sort from occupying it. Wiverton House surrendered next day without resistance, and was dismantled.

In the beginning of 1646 Colonel Hutchinson was elected member of parliament for the county of Notts, in place of his deceased father. He was afterwards actively engaged in the siege of Newark, which capitulated when the king, who had left Oxford in disguise, surrendered himself to the Scottish army encamped near the former place. The first civil war was now at an end; and Colonel Hutchinson passed much of his time in London attending the sittings of parliament. In January, 1647, a large sum of money, in liquidation of arrears, was paid to the Scots by the parliament, and the king was handed over in exchange. He was then conducted to Holmby House, in Northamptonshire.

Dissensions between the Presbyterian and Independent faction were now very rife in parliament, and Colonel Hutchinson found that his attendance at it was very prejudicial to his health. For four years he was a constant sufferer from gout, and was often obliged to retire into the country. We get an interesting glimpse of family life at Nottingham Castle at the beginning of this period, from which we are able to form some idea of the internal discomfort produced by the sectarianism then so rife among all classes. Sir Thomas and Lady Fairfax came to Nottingham while Colonel Hutchinson was ill. Lady Fairfax [1] had been at the siege of Oxford, and, says Mrs. Hutchinson, "was exceedingly kind to her husband's chaplains, Independent ministers, till the army returned to be nearer London, and then the Presbyterian ministers quite changed the lady into such bitter aversion against them, that they could not endure to come into the general's presence while she was there; and the general had an unquiet, unpleasant life with her, who drove away from him many of those friends in whose conversation he had found such sweetness. At Nottingham they had got a very able minister in the great church, but a bitter Presbyterian; him

[1] This was the undaunted woman who cried out from the gallery in Westminster Hall at the trial of Charles I., when her husband's name was called as a commissioner, "He has more wit than to be here," and also exclaimed, "No, not one tenth of the people," when Bradshaw, the president, declared that the king was accused by the consentient voice of the English people.—*Vide* "Lingard," vol. viii., chap. 3.

and his brethren my Lady Fairfax caressed with so much kindness, that they grew impudent to preach up their faction openly in the pulpit, and revile others, and at length would not suffer any of the army chaplains to preach in the town. They then coming to the governor and complaining of their unkind usage, he invited them to come and preach in his house; which, when it was known they did, there was a great concourse of people came thither to them; and the Presbyterians, when they heard it, were mad with rage, not only against them, but against the governor, who accidentally gave them another occasion about the same time, a little before the general came. When formerly the Presbyterian ministers had forced him, for quietness' sake, to go and break up a private meeting in the cannoneer's chamber, there were found some notes concerning pœdobaptism, which being brought into the governor's lodgings, his wife having then more leisure to read than he, having perused them and compared them with the Scriptures, found not what to say against the truths they asserted concerning the misapplication of that ordinance to infants; but being then young and modest, she thought it a kind of virtue to submit to the judgment and practice of most churches, rather than to defend a singular opinion of her own, she not being then enlightened in that great mistake of the national Churches. But in this year, she happening to be with child, communicated her doubts to her husband, and desired him to endeavour her satisfaction; which, while he

did, he himself became as unsatisfied, or rather, satisfied against it. First, therefore, he diligently searched the Scriptures alone, and could find in them no ground at all for that practice; then he bought and read all the eminent treatises on both sides, which at that time came thick from the presses, and still was cleared in the error of the pœdobaptists. After this, his wife being brought to bed, that he might, if possible, give the religious party no offence, he invited all the ministers to dinner, and propounded his doubt and the ground thereof to them. None of them could defend their practice with any satisfactory reason, but the tradition of the Church from the primitive times, and their main buckler of federal holiness, which Tombs and Denne had excellently overthrown. He and his wife then professing themselves unsatisfied in the practice, desired their opinions, what they ought to do. Most answered, to conform to the general practice of other Christians, how dark soever it were to themselves; but Mr. Foxcraft, one of the assembly, said that except they were convinced of the warrant of that practice from the Word, they sinned in doing it, whereupon that infant was not baptized. And now the governor and his wife, notwithstanding that they forsook not their assemblies, nor retracted their benevolences and civilities from them, yet were they reviled by them, called fanatics and Anabaptists, and often glanced at in their public sermons. . . .

"This year Sir Allen Apsley, governor of Barn

stable for the king, after the surrender of that garrison came and retired to the governor's house till his composition with the parliament was completed, the governor's wife being his sister, and the governor's brother having married the other sister; and this was another occasion of opening the mouths of the malignants, who were ready to seize any one to his prejudice. Sir Allen Apsley had not his articles punctually performed, by which he suffered great expense and intolerable vexation; and the governor, no less concerned in the injustice done to him than if he had suffered it himself, endeavoured to protect him, only in that which was just, and for this was called a Cavalier, and said to have changed his party, and a thousand more injuries, in which none were so forward as those who had been all the while disaffected to the whole parliament party; but after they were conquered, burying their spite against the cause in their own bosoms, suffered that secret fire to rise up in a black smoke against the most faithful asserters of it."

This somewhat lengthy quotation will serve to bring vividly before the reader the extraordinary complications which resulted from different members of the same family taking opposite sides in the civil war. Spite of the domestic bitterness which was often occasioned by these differences, the old proverb that blood is thicker than water was evidently not discredited; and much undeserved suspicion of unfaithfulness to political opinions was, in conse-

quence, cast upon many having family connections among the Cavaliers.

The rupture between the parliament and the army, which had long been inevitable, took place in the summer of 1647. Cornet Joyce seized the king at Holmby, and put him in the power of Cromwell and his adherents. He was taken finally to Hampton Court, where Mrs. Hutchinson says he "lived rather in the condition of a guarded and attended prince, than as a conquered and purchased captive; all his old servants had free recourse to him; all sorts of people were admitted to come to kiss his hands and do him obeisance as a sovereign." Plots for accomplishing his freedom and restoring his authority now began to be rife, and the Royalists banded together again in different parts of the kingdom.

At the close of the first war the fortifications of Nottingham were confined to the castle, and the number of men in garrison was greatly reduced. Colonel Hutchinson gave up the command for a time to a relation, Captain Paulton, and retired to his private residence at Owthorpe. He found it in a sad state of disrepair, and the remark made by Mrs. Hutchinson that it had been robbed of everything which the neighbouring garrisons of Shelford and Wiverton could carry away from it, fully explains the action of the country people in setting fire to the former mansion as mentioned above. Colonel Hutchinson was so impoverished by the debts he had incurred in the public service that he

could find no money to repair the house that year, and consequently the family lived in it in the best way they could. Naturally the health of the colonel suffered more than ever under these circumstances. Mrs. Hutchinson records a wonderful feat performed by her husband in rising from a sick bed and beating off some horsemen who were making a raid on the village, but adds that he was so ill half an hour afterwards that it was thought he would have died in this fit.

After the escape of the king from Hampton Court, and the failure of his attempt to make a strong Royalist party by the help of the Presbyterians, the Cavaliers made greater efforts than ever to effect a general rising, for the purpose of releasing him from imprisonment in the Isle of Wight. While Cromwell was engaged in forcing some of his revolted followers to surrender Pembroke Castle, the Byrons and other neighbouring Royalists got up a rising in Nottinghamshire so rapidly and secretly that Colonel Hutchinson was only apprised of what was going on by hearing, while he sat at dinner, the report of cannon discharged by Captain Paulton from Nottingham Castle, as a signal of distress. He at once set out for Nottingham, and the Hutchinson family put all their valuables in a cart, and sent them to a place of safety. The Cavaliers took all the food they could find at Owthorpe when they passed through a few hours later, but stayed to do no further damage, as they were closely pursued by some troops out of Lincolnshire. Next day a

fight took place less than three miles from Owthorpe, when Colonel Byron was defeated and carried prisoner to Belvoir. Meanwhile the Duke of Hamilton was advancing into England with a large party of Presbyterians for the support of the king, secretly encouraged by many English Presbyterians in London.

Mrs. Hutchinson records a singular incident which occurred about this time in the domestic life at Owthorpe. A fresh Independent minister had lately been appointed to that place, a Scotchman highly recommended by the authorities in London. While the colonel was absent at Nottingham, Mrs. Hutchinson noticed that this man "made strange prayers in the family, couched in dark expressions," which she interpreted to be in favour of the Scotch invaders. When the colonel returned home she communicated her suspicions to him. The following day was Sunday, when the minister preached a very spiritless sermon and repeated the obnoxious prayers in public. After dinner Colonel Hutchinson remonstrated with him in private, whereupon the minister confessed that he was really a Presbyterian, and had only taken service with the Independents for the sake of employment. The colonel gave him fifteen pounds and dismissed him. He left Owthorpe with many expressions of contrition, but almost immediately went to Nottingham and told the Presbyterians there that "his conscience would not permit him to stay in the colonel's house, because he and his wife were such violent sectaries

that no orthodox man could live comfortably with them."

The two great factions in London at this period thought far more about their differences than the importance of public affairs, and both the parliament and the army were little better than strongholds of intolerance and protection for the crazes, and often, we may add, for the misdeeds of their members. Colonel Hutchinson was too much of what we should call a doctrinaire, by feeling and habit, to be entirely carried away by any faction, and he was, says his wife, one of the original party of Levellers, who only wished for equal justice between all sorts and conditions of men, and were not to be confounded with those who afterwards sought to destroy every kind of distinction. These original Levellers were, she writes, "they who first began to discern the ambition of Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his idolaters, and to suspect and dislike it. About this time he was sent down after his victory in Wales, to encounter Hamilton in the North. When he went down, the chief of those Levellers following him out of the town to take their leave of him, received such professions from him, of a spirit bent to pursue the same just and honest things that they desired, that they went away with great satisfaction, till they heard that a coachful of Presbyterian priests, coming after them, went away no less pleased; by which it was apparent he dissembled with one or the other, and by doing so lost his credit with both.

"When he came to Nottingham, Colonel Hutchinson went to see him, whom he embraced with all the expressions of kindness that one friend could make to another, and then retiring with him, pressed him to tell him what thought his friends, the Levellers, had of him. The colonel, who was the freest man in the world from concealing truth from his friend, especially when it was required of him in love and plainness, not only told him what others thought of him, but what he himself conceived, and how much it would darken all his glories, if he should become a slave to his own ambition, and be guilty of what he gave the world just cause to suspect, and therefore begged him to wear his heart in his face, and to scorn to delude his enemies, but to make use of his noble courage to maintain what he believed just against all great opposers. Cromwell made mighty professions of a sincere heart to him, but it is certain that for this and such-like plain dealing with him he dreaded the colonel, and made it his particular business to keep him out of the army; but the colonel, never desiring command to serve himself, but his country, would not use that art he detested in others to procure himself any advantage."

After the defeat of the Duke of Hamilton at Preston, where Colonel Thornhagh, the Hutchinsons' closest friend, fell at the head of the Nottinghamshire horse, Colonel Hutchinson took his family to London, not daring to face another winter at Owthorpe, on account of the ruinous state of the

house. He was present at the deliberations of parliament concerning an accommodation with the king. He joined with some others in protesting against this, as he was convinced that the king would never, if restored to power, maintain the liberties of the people. Before the negotiations could be completed, the army got hold of the king, and sent him a prisoner to Hurst Castle, that lonely tongue of land opposite the Needles so well known to all cruisers in the Solent. Colonel Pride "purged" the parliament of its Presbyterian members, and the remainder continued to sit under the name of the Rump. Mrs. Hutchinson says that her husband disapproved of these violent measures, and was also very unwilling to be put on the commission appointed to try the king, "but looking upon himself as called thereunto, he durst not refuse it, as holding himself obliged by the covenant of God and the public trust of his country reposed in him, although he was not ignorant of the danger he ran as the condition of things then was."

The king was charged with levying war against the parliament and people of England; with betraying the public trust reposed in him, and with being an implacable enemy of the commonwealth. He refused to plead, and after three days' deliberation he was found guilty of the charges, and beheaded at Whitehall, January 30th, 1649.

It is rather difficult in these days to understand how sober and thoughtful persons were found to concur in what seems to us a cold-blooded murder

of an unfortunate and unwise man. Life has become so much more worth living in modern times, that we regard with horror any attempt to take it away, save under the most extreme circumstances. But almost up to the present century the infliction of the last penalty of the law was so common for political and civil offences, that execution scarcely shocked anybody. It is true that the execution of Charles the First excited unusual repugnance in many minds, but the reason of this was that the sufferer was a king, whose person was regarded as too sacred to be touched by ordinary mortals. The Cavaliers therefore looked upon the regicides as dastards who had defied and dishonoured the law of God and man. On the other hand, the supporters of civil and religious liberty denied the pretensions of kingship to any peculiar sacredness, and declaring that the king was made for the people, and not the people for the king, regarded Charles the First as a man who had failed in his trust, and who must therefore receive the due reward of his errors and incompetence. They also thought that his execution was absolutely required to ensure the future safety of the kingdom, and that they would draw down upon themselves the vengeance of heaven if they let him slip through their hands. Mrs. Hutchinson is nowhere more explicit than in affirming the absolute freedom of action exercised by the king's judges. "Some of them after," she writes, "to excuse, belied themselves, and said they were under the awe of the army, and over-persuaded by Crom-

well, and the like; but it is certain that all men herein were left to their free liberty of acting, neither persuaded nor compelled." We may regard this testimony as unimpeachable, for Mrs. Hutchinson was not only the wife of a regicide, but also very unfavourably disposed towards Cromwell. In considering this dark page in our national history, it is satisfactory to know that some at least among the king's judges were actuated by no unworthy motives of self-interest, or the almost baser sensations of fear for their own personal safety. The more philosophic spirit, and we may add the greater tenderness of feeling, manifested in modern times, makes us condemn the execution of Charles I. as an unnecessary and futile piece of barbarism; but there is no doubt that in the words of one of the most impartial of historians,[1] "his end was an awful lesson to the possessors of royalty to watch the growth of public opinion, and to moderate their pretensions in conformity with the reasonable desires of their subjects. Had he lived at a more early period, when the sense of wrong was quickly subdued by the habits of submission, his reign would probably have been marked with fewer violations of the national liberties. It was resistance that made him a tyrant. The spirit of the people refused to yield to the encroachments of authority; and one act of oppression placed him under the necessity of committing another, till he had revived and enforced all those odious prerogatives which,

[1] Lingard, vol. viii., chap. 3.

though usually claimed, were but sparingly exercised by his predecessors. For some years his efforts seemed successful, but the Scottish insurrection[1] revealed the delusion; he had parted with the real authority of a king when he forfeited the confidence and affection of his subjects."

Colonel Hutchinson served in the two first councils of state, which carried on the administration of affairs after the king's death. When the defeat of Charles II. and his army at Worcester put an end to the war in England, Colonel Hutchinson procured an order for the dismantling of Nottingham Castle. He was not a member of the third council, and at the time of the forcible dissolution of the Rump Parliament, in 1653, he was on his way to London to attend its sittings. Convinced, like many other members, that resistance to the power of Cromwell was useless, but firmly resolved to accept no office or emolument under the sway of the Lord Protector, he returned to Nottinghamshire and occupied himself for six or seven years in administering justice in his own neighbourhood, and repairing and beautifying his house and estate. His wife says, that under his care vagrants almost entirely disappeared from the rich Vale of Belvoir. He caused all the poor in their several villages to be well provided for, and put down all unnecessary ale-houses, being "a little severe against drunken-

[1] *i.e.* The insurrection of 1637–9, when the Scots successfully resisted the king's attempts to force a Liturgy upon them, similar to that of England.

ness." His house at Owthorpe remained much as he left it until towards the end of the last century, when Julius Hutchinson, the editor of the memoirs, visited it for the purpose of bringing away certain family relics, previous to its sale under the will of the last possessor. Julius Hutchinson's description is so graphic and complete, that it cannot be given better than in his own words :—

"Although the editor had not then read these memoirs, yet having heard Colonel Hutchinson spoken of as an extraordinary person, and that he had built, planted, and formed all that was to be seen there, the country adjoining being a dreary waste, many thousand acres together being entirely overrun with gorse or furze, he viewed the whole with the utmost attention. He found there a house of which he has the drawing, large, handsome, lofty and convenient, and though but little ornamented, possessing all the grace that size and symmetry could give it. The entrance was by a flight of steps into a large hall, occupying entirely the centre of the house, lighted at the entrance by two windows, but at the further end by one much larger, in the expanse of which was carried up a staircase that seemed to be perfectly in the air. On one side of the hall was a long table, on the other a large fireplace, both suited to ancient hospitality. On the right hand side of this hall were three handsome rooms for the entertainment of guests. The sides of the staircase and gallery were hung with pictures, and both served as an orchestra, either to the hall

or to a large room over part of it, which was a ball-room. To the left of the hall were the rooms commonly occupied by the family. All the parts were built so substantially and so well secured, that neither fire nor thieves could penetrate from room to room, nor from one flight of stairs to another, if ever so little resisted.

"The house stood on a little eminence in the Vale of Belvoir, at a small distance from the foot of those hills along which the Roman fossway from Leicester runs. The western side of the house was covered by the offices, small village and church interspersed with many trees. The south, which was the front of entrance, looked over a large extent of grass grounds, which was the demesne, and were bounded by hills covered with wood which Colonel Hutchinson had planted. On the eastern side the entertaining rooms opened on to a terrace, which encircled a very large bowling-green or level lawn; next to this had been a flower garden, and next to that a shrubbery, now become a wood, through which vistas were cut to let in a view of Langar, the seat of Lord Howe, at two miles, and of Belvoir Castle, at seven miles distance, which, as the afternoon sun sat full upon it, made a glorious object. At the further end of this small wood was a spot (of about ten acres), which appeared to have been a morass, and through which ran a rivulet. This spot Colonel Hutchinson had dug into a great number of canals, and planted the ground between them, leaving room for walks, so that the whole

formed at once a wilderness or bower, reservoirs for fish, and a decoy for wild fowl. To the north, at some hundred yards' distance, was a lake of water, which, filling the space between two quarters of woodland, appeared, as viewed from the large window of the hall, like a moderate river, and beyond this the eye rested on the wolds or high hills which accompany the fossway towards Newark. The whole had been deserted nearly forty years, but resisted the ravages of time so well as to discover the masterly hand by which it had been planned and executed."

When living in London Colonel Hutchinson had bought a considerable number of paintings, pieces of sculpture and curiosities, which had been given to the king's servants to pay their wages. Some of these he was forced to give up after the Restoration without compensation, though he had paid fairly for them. He employed his leisure in arranging his collection at Owthorpe, and also hunted with hawks until the death of a favourite retainer and keeper, who had been a very sober fellow, caused him to give up the amusement in despair of finding a suitable successor. He then took up music again, playing with his children, and superintending their studies in this and all other branches of knowledge. A liberal hospitality was maintained at Owthorpe, and it became the resort of distinguished and agreeable persons of all parties. He had at least one more interview with Cromwell during this period, as, while on a visit to London, he became aware of

a plot against the Protector's life, fomented by his son-in-law Lambert, who had several real or supposed grievances against him. Cromwell professed the deepest gratitude for the timely warning, and urged the colonel to join him, but in vain. After Cromwell's death Colonel Hutchinson was made sheriff of Nottingham by his son Richard. When the latter resigned the Protectorate, the rump of the Long Parliament re-assembled, and Colonel Hutchinson again took his seat in it. Against his advice, Lambert was appointed to command the army sent down to Cheshire to quell Sir George Booth's insurrection. Fleetwood, who had married Ireton's widow, soon after the death of the latter in Ireland in 1651, was general of the army. The Hutchinson family entertained much affection for this man and his wife, but the rest of the Cromwell clan, with the exception of the well-meaning Richard, are described by Mrs. Hutchinson as insolent fools. With all her dislike to some of Oliver's ways she says candidly that he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped.

While her husband was in London at this period Mrs. Hutchinson unexpectedly found herself in the most distressing complications at home. In the time of peace, before the Protector's death, Lord Byron had ordered a trunk of pistols from London, and fearing to arouse groundless suspicions if he fetched it from the carrier's himself, he asked Colonel Hutchinson to allow it to be left at Owthorpe. Disturbances breaking out shortly after,

Lord Byron deemed it useless to ask his kinsman directly to give up the arms, but during his absence in London sought to obtain them by bribing certain retainers living in the house. The chief conspirators engaged were the chaplain, the waiting-woman, and a gentleman named Ivie, a confidential attendant on the colonel. The plan was for fifty men to surprise the house at night and seize the arms. A singing boy, who kept the colonel's clothes, acquainted his mistress with what was going on, saying that though he had been bred a Cavalier, he abhorred to betray or be unfaithful to those he served. Enjoining strict silence on the youth, Mrs. Hutchinson sent a trusty messenger, an old cornet of the parliamentary army, to ask the captain of the county troop for a guard. The man returned with the news that a party of Cavaliers had just been beaten by the county troop, and that all danger of attack was therefore over. Mrs. Hutchinson managed to get rid of the faithless gentleman and chaplain without acquainting her husband with their treachery. The whole story shows how hospitable a resort Owthorpe had become for unfortunate persons of all parties during the Protectorate.

Disgusted with Lambert's arbitrary conduct towards the Parliament, Colonel Hutchinson remained at Owthorpe during his ascendancy. A party of Lambert's troopers came one day to levy an assessment of parliament, and two of the soldiers behaved with such insolence that the colonel drew his sword upon them. A minister who was present caught

hold of his arm, and Mrs. Hutchinson, fearing bloodshed, let the two troopers out of the room. The colonel, quickly freeing himself, rushed after them, and found them returning, in company with their comrades, with cocked pistols. Mr. George Hutchinson hastened from another part of the house to the scene of the fray, and the troopers inadvertently pressing against a door in the apartment, caused it to fly open, when fifty or sixty men were disclosed to view in the great hall. They had come on a peaceable errand, to confer with the colonel on a matter concerning the adjacent parishes. The troopers were completely cowed at the sight of this large party, whom they imagined to be men prepared to overawe them. The colonel reassured them, and compassionately gave them wine, dismissing them with the warning that such conduct as theirs would bring back the Stuarts. After this Mrs. Hutchinson wrote to Fleetwood to complain of the affronts offered to her husband, and informed him that he had gone into retirement till he could live safely at home. Julius Hutchinson thought it probable that his ancestor really lived for a short period, at this time, retired in a secret apartment,[1] which he himself saw at Owthorpe in the next century, and that this fact gave rise to a false tradition that he concealed himself in this manner after the Restoration, and was taken prisoner on his return from church.

[1] A Nottinghamshire gentleman, still living, remembers being shown a room in the old house, before its demolition, called "Hutchinson's Hole."

At any rate Mrs. Hutchinson seems to have carried on all the colonel's public and private business at this time, until the fall of Lambert and the action of General Monk caused him to be called to London to take his seat in parliament once more.

Mrs. Hutchinson does not give any circumstantial account of Charles the Second's entry into England, although she comments on the universal joy and triumph displayed, even to the king's own amazement, adding that indeed it was a wonder that day to see the mutability of some, the hypocrisy of others, and the servile flattery of all. The truth of the matter, no doubt, was, that all classes were weary of the uncertainty and misery of the time that followed Cromwell's death, and thought that any settled authority would be better than the constant change of masters effected by faction and self-interest.

One of the first actions of Parliament, after the accession of Charles II., was to consider what steps should be taken to punish the men who had sat in judgment on his father. Mr. Lenthall, son of the Speaker of the Long Parliament, though not personally concerned, made an eloquent speech in defence of the conduct of the regicides, when the matter was first brought forward. Inglesby, one of them, professed his repentance with many tears, declaring that Cromwell had made him sign the warrant of execution, while Colonel Hutchinson made, according[1] to his wife's account, a dignified

[1] Mrs. Hutchinson's account of her husband's transactions with

speech in his own defence, saying that, "if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own." All the regicides were suspended from sitting in the House after the commencement of the inquiry.

Lengthy investigations were made by Parliament, and much personal influence was exerted to procure the safety of individual regicides. Finally, ten were executed, and the remainder—Colonel Hutchinson among them—included in the Act of Oblivion. Mrs. Hutchinson spared no efforts to obtain her husband's inclusion in the Act. As a matter of fact he was passed over in a very half-hearted fashion, and as the sequel showed, he would have done well to have taken his wife's advice to escape to the Continent from the clutches of his adversaries. Naturally all public employment was at an end for him, and he retired to Owthorpe, resolved to take up once more the home duties and occcupations in which he had found so much pleasure during the Protectorate. His eldest son gave him some uneasiness by secretly marrying the daughter of a Royalist, Sir Alexander Ratcliffe. The bride however proved a most charm-

parliament at this juncture has been called in question by modern commentators, and it is stated that his written petition to the House of Commons was couched in abject terms. Algernon Sidney also alludes to Colonel Hutchinson's conduct with some contempt in a letter written in 1663.

ing addition to the Hutchinson family, and there is probably no panegyric on record, written by a mother-in-law, equal to that penned by Mrs. Hutchinson on this fair young woman. She died at Owthorpe in childbirth, about a year after her marriage. Thomas Hutchinson never married again, and to his father's grief never cared much for Owthorpe after her loss.

Life at Owthorpe was evidently not altogether safe or pleasant at this time. The Hutchinson family were naturally objects of aversion and suspicion to the party in power. Pretended searches for arms were made in the mansion at various periods, and Colonel Hutchinson, not being permitted to equip his retainers with weapons, fortified the lower windows with bars of iron as a means of defence. Later on he incurred additional odium by protecting Palmer, a Nonconformist minister, who had preached at Nottingham on Sunday in defiance of orders to the contrary. Mrs. Hutchinson does not say if this was the same Palmer referred to during the siege of Nottingham. After the passing of the Act of Uniformity the Hutchinsons evidently ceased to attend church, and religious worship was conducted in the mansion by the colonel and other persons. On Sunday, Oct. 11th, 1663, the house was searched by an order from Mr. Francis Leke, a deputy-lieutenant of the county, and Col. Hutchinson was carried prisoner to Newark. He was detained some days, and not well lodged or treated, and thence he was taken to the Marquess of New-

castle's. This nobleman showed him a letter from the Duke of Buckingham, accusing him of aiding in a plot against the king, called the Northern Plot. The Marquess was so convinced of his innocence that he sent him home. He was shortly afterwards re-arrested, and finally conveyed to London to answer the charges against him. His faithful wife and his eldest son and daughter accompanied him. He was committed to the Tower, and taken thence to Whitehall several times to be examined. He was confined in the apartments in the Tower where tradition says that Edward V. and his little brother, and afterwards their uncle, the Duke of Clarence, were murdered. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Robinson, was a very different man from Mrs. Hutchinson's father, grasping and avaricious, and exacting all manner of unfair payments from the prisoners. Colonel Hutchinson stoutly resisted these exactions, and was in consequence only worse treated. His wife was at length denied access to him. This prohibition was, however, quickly removed, and she continued to attend him until he was sent in the spring of 1664 to Sandown Castle, near Deal, in Kent. The colonel was very ill when he left the Tower, but he was somewhat refreshed by a night at Gravesend in company with his wife and children. Sandown Castle was in an extremely bad state of repair, and the rooms assigned to Colonel Hutchinson were nearly uninhabitable. Mrs. Hutchinson and her elder children took lodgings in Deal, and made the best arrangements

they could for his comfort, spending most of each day with him. He took great delight in sorting and arranging cockle shells gathered by his wife and daughter on the beach. Mrs. Hutchinson says that his chief occupation was the study of the Scriptures, and that he refused to read some other books that she brought him. Towards the end of the summer George Hutchinson brought down permission, gained through Sir Allen and Lady Apsley,[1] for his father to walk on the sea-shore, of which he gladly availed himself. Mrs. Hutchinson returned about this time to Owthorpe to fetch the other children and further supplies. Early in September Colonel Hutchinson was attacked by fever, brought on by privation and bad accommodation, and after a week of acute suffering, he died on Sunday, Sept. 11th, 1664, just eleven months after his arrest at Owthorpe.

On receipt of the news of his death his two elder sons journeyed to Deal, and, after some difficulties, brought away his body, which had been embalmed, through Canterbury to London, and thence to Owthorpe. According to his last desire, he was buried in the family vault. It is recorded on the monument to his memory in Owthorpe Church that—

"He died at Sandown Castle, in Kent, after eleven months harsh and strict imprisonment, without crime or accusation, upon the 11th day of

[1] Sir Allen Apsley was a member of the household of the Duke of York, and his daughter Isabella, wife of Sir William Wentworth, was made Bedchamber-woman to Mary of Modena, on the accession of the duke to the throne in 1685.

September, 1664, in the 49th year of his age, full of joy, and assured hope of a glorious resurrection."

An epitaph of fourteen lines in rhyme, said to have been composed by Mrs. Hutchinson, is also engraved on the monument. The colonel's coffin stands upright in the vaults beneath the church, chained to the wall to prevent its falling.

Very little is known concerning the later life of Mrs. Hutchinson, and even the date of her death has not been ascertained. Unable to overcome the pecuniary embarrassments caused by the expenses of the Civil War, and the subsequent troubles into which her husband fell, she made family arrangements whereby the property at Owthorpe was sold in 1670 to his half-brother, Charles Hutchinson. In 1675 she gave a translation of Lucretius, made in her youthful days while superintending her children's studies, to Arthur Annesley, Earl of Anglesea, at his special request. During her widowhood she wrote two books of devotion. One of them is addressed to her daughter, Mrs. Orgill. In the preface occur these sad and significant words: "My infirmities and imperfections, joined to my outward ill-successes, have much weakened my authority and made it of no force with all persons." It is stated on his monument that Colonel Hutchinson left four daughters—Barbara, Lucy, Margaret, and Adeliza; but the identity of Mrs. Orgill cannot be established.

Of Colonel Hutchinson's four surviving sons, only one, John, the youngest, left issue. There is a

tradition that his two sons emigrated, one to the West Indies or America, and the other to Russia. The latter is said to have gone out in command of a ship of war, given by Queen Anne to Peter the Great, and to have been lost at sea.

The colonel's half-brother, Charles, married one of the daughters and co-heiresses of Sir Francis Boteler, of Woodhall, near Hatfield, Herts, and his son Julius married Betty, daughter of Colonel Norton, of Wellow, Hants. Julius treated the last descendants of his uncle well, assisting them to emigrate; and in a written memorandum he expressed his regret at hearing no more of them afterwards. He died in 1738, and like his father and mother and his wife, was buried in Owthorpe Church. There is a curious inscription and distich on one of the monuments in the church to the memory of the mother and brother of the latter.

The Owthorpe property passed out of the possession of the Hutchinson family towards the end of the last century, and the house was pulled down in 1826–7.

With the exception of the monuments in the parish church there is now nothing to mark the connection of the Hutchinson family with Owthorpe, and it is a matter of deep regret that no record whatever of Lucy Hutchinson, except the bare statement of her name and parentage on her husband's monument, exists in the place which her memorials have made famous for all time in English history. But although her latter days were

passed in obscurity and straitened circumstances, and she went down to a nameless grave, she will never be forgotten while the virtues of patriotism and devotion remain in the land. · Her very failings—for the only charge that has ever been brought against her is that she concealed, or at best passed over lightly, her husband's somewhat abject submission to the Houses of Parliament in 1660, taking all the blame upon herself for a step which he no doubt bitterly repented of, and certainly fully expiated afterwards—only serve to endear her still more to a race that has always set the highest value upon family affection and the ties of blood. No better or more enduring monument could remain to her memory than her biography of her husband, breathing the very spirit of high-minded purity, yet written in an age when the evil example set in the most exalted places tended to weaken in a greater degree than ever before or since the national sense of the dignity of womanhood.

Engraved by W. Humphreys.

Mrs Godolphin

From an Original Painting in the Collection at Wootton.

LONDON. WILLIAM PICKERING. 1847.

MRS. GODOLPHIN.

Most dwellers near the western sea are familiar with the name of Godolphin. A large district between Helston and Marazion, described by Leland in the sixteenth century, under the older form of Godolcan, is thus denominated. Notwithstanding its historic interest as the cradle and, we may add, for several centuries the grave of one of the most famous families in England, Godolphin is little visited by ordinary tourists, as it lies at a considerable distance from the railway, and somewhat out of the beaten track of the Lizard, St. Michael's Mount, and the Land's End. The immediate neighbourhood is rich in mineral wealth, and on this account the beautiful coast scenery is much disfigured by chimney shafts and engine houses, betokening more or less activity in the production of tin and china-clay. The pedigree of the Godolphins goes back to the time of Edward I., and the family became renowned all over the country in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, owing to the exploits of Sir William Godolphin at the siege of Boulogne, and of his son, Sir Francis, in repulsing the Spaniards at Penzance. Early in the seventeenth century the

son and heir of Sir Francis married Thomasine Sidney, of Wrighton, in Norfolk. This lady, whose Christian name, under the contracted form of Tamsen, is so familiar an appellation in the West country, has transmitted her cognomen of Sidney to her descendants in every generation down to the present day. Her son, Sidney Godolphin, was killed in a skirmish at Chagford, on Dartmoor, in 1643. It is needless to say that he fell fighting for his king. Clarendon can scarcely find words warm enough to express his admiration for the "incomparable parts" of the gallant young Cavalier. His body was carried to Okehampton, a more important place on the border of Dartmoor, and buried in the parish church.

It is not, however, with the first Sidney Godolphin, and his grave in Okehampton Church, destroyed by fire almost in our own day, that we are concerned in this little memoir, but with the wife of his nephew and namesake. She lies buried in a much remoter spot than Okehampton, her remains resting under a plain marble slab in the church of St. Breage, at Godolphin, in Cornwall. In her youth she attracted the notice of the famous John Evelyn, and it is almost entirely in consequence of the affection and admiration which he conceived for her, that so many particulars of her short career have been preserved. She never inhabited, or even visited, the once stately mansion of Godolphin, now a picturesque and comfortable farmhouse, but it was by her own express desire that she was buried

among her husband's people. Many entries concerning her are to be found in "Evelyn's Diary," first printed at the beginning of the present century. The life which he wrote of her remained in manuscript till 1847, when it was published and edited by the late Bishop Wilberforce, at the request of the author's descendant in the fourth generation, Edward Venables Vernon Harcourt, Archbishop of York, into whose hands it had probably passed from his grandmother, Elizabeth Evelyn.

Margaret Blagge, born August 2nd, 1652, was the youngest of the four daughters of Colonel Thomas Blagge, of Horningsherth, Suffolk, and Mary, daughter of Sir Roger North, of Mildenhall, in the same county. Colonel Blagge was a faithful follower of Charles I. He was groom of the bedchamber to that monarch, and held the post of Governor of Wallingford, when that place was compelled to surrender to Fairfax in 1646. After the disastrous battle of Worcester in 1651, he made his escape in company with George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. On the Restoration, in 1660, Charles II. made Colonel Blagge Governor of Yarmouth and Languard Fort, but he died in November of the same year, leaving a considerably embarrassed estate to his widow. She managed to discharge all her husband's engagements, and to provide an honourable competency for her daughters. Margaret was only eight years old at the time of her father's death. Previous to the Restoration, she had been for some time in France, in the company of the

Duchess of Richmond, sister to the Duke of Buckingham. The duchess consigned her to the care of her cousin, Elizabeth Fielding, wife of Lewis Boyle. This lady, who was Groom of the Stole to Henrietta Maria, was created Countess of Guildford in her own right by Charles II. Notwithstanding the tender years of Margaret Blagge during her residence in France, we learn from Evelyn that strenuous efforts were made to induce her to attend mass, and become a Papist. On the return of Henrietta Maria to England, Margaret rejoined her mother, and lived in London till the breaking out of the plague, in 1665, caused Mrs. Blagge to pay a lengthened visit to relations in Suffolk. It was during this sojourn that Margaret contracted that love and desire for a country life which never afterwards forsook her. At the age of eleven, she had been confirmed and admitted to the sacrament by Dr. Gunning, Bishop of Chichester, afterwards translated to Ely. While still very young, she was appointed maid of honour to the Duchess of York. On March 4th, 1668–9, Samuel Pepys says he went to Deptford to the Treasurer's house, where the Duke and Duchess of York were, and found them at dinner with the Duchess of Monmouth and others. After dinner he was invited down to dine with some of the maids of honour, Mrs. Ogle, Mrs. Blagge, and Mrs. Howard, "which," he naïvely adds, "did me good to have the honour to dine with and look upon."

Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Clarendon, first

wife of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., occupied a by no means enviable position. She was little loved by her morose and unattractive husband, and little respected by people of any sort on account of the unfortunate circumstances under which she became Duchess of York.

During the ten years of her married life she gave birth to eight children, two of whom only survived her, Mary and Anne, afterwards successively Queens of England. In the early summer of 1667 she lost two sons, the Duke of Kendal and the Duke of Cambridge. Towards the close of her life she showed a great leaning towards the Church of Rome, of which her husband was as yet an unavowed member.

Evelyn says that Margaret Blagge waited upon the duchess during her illness with extraordinary sedulity. The sweet and serious maid of honour wrote some reflections on the death of her mistress, comparing the last hours of this unhappy woman with those of her own mother, whom she had lost a few years before. "The duchess dead," she concludes, "a princess honoured in power, had much wit, much money, much esteem; she was full of unspeakable torture, and died (poor creature) in doubt of her religion, without the sacrament, or divine by her, like a poor wretch; none remembered her after one week, none sorry for her; she was tossed and flung about, and every one did what they would with that stately carcase. What is this world, what is greatness, what to be esteemed, or thought a wit? We shall all be

stripped without sense or remembrance. But God, if we serve Him in our health, will give us patience in our sickness."

After the death of the duchess in 1671, Margaret became a maid of honour to Queen Catherine of Braganza. Her eldest sister, Henrietta Maria Blagge, was the wife of Sir Thomas Yarborough, of Snaith, Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1676, and possibly with this lady, whose reputation, according to Grammont's "Memoirs," was not irreproachable, lived the two other sisters, Mary and Dorothy Blagge. Among the greatest friends of Margaret Blagge were Dorothy and Anne Howard, both maids of honour to Queen Catherine.[1] The mother of these young ladies took her to visit Mr.

[1] The editor of Pepys "Diary" wrongly states that Mrs. Blagge, maid of honour to the Duchess of York, was Henrietta Maria, Lady Yarborough. Mrs. Ogle, the other maid of honour mentioned by Pepys, afterwards became sister-in-law to the Howards, by her marriage with their brother, Craven Howard. Evelyn calls her "an ancient maid, whom he clandestinely married, and who brought him no fortune." With regard to the statement made on the preceding page, that Lady Guildford was Groom of the Stole to Henrietta Maria, it may here be noted that the office of Groom of the Stole (*Custos Stolæ*) to Queens Consort and Queens Regnant was not abolished till the accession of George I. Since that time the title of Groom of the Stole has been reserved for a great officer of the household of the King, Prince Consort or Prince of Wales. The Stola was a long robe or overdress worn by Roman ladies. A similar garment was sometimes worn by men of rank. The court train, which still frequently depends from the shoulders, and which has grown in modern days to so inordinate a length, is probably a survival of the Stola in ladies dress.

and Mrs. Evelyn, at their famous residence of Sayes Court, Deptford, and thus laid the foundation of an ardent and enduring friendship.

Almost all our knowledge of Margaret Blagge, Mrs. Godolphin, is derived from John Evelyn, the author of the "Diary," and of the celebrated treatise on forest trees called "Sylva." He was more than thirty years old when she was born, and getting on for fifty when he first made her acquaintance. He belonged to an ancient and honourable family settled in Surrey, and during the parliamentary troubles passed much of his time abroad, travelling in France and Italy. In 1647 he married, at Paris, the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, the representative of Charles I. at the Court of France. He bought Sayes Court from his father-in-law in 1653, paying £3,500 for it. One of the greatest pleasures of his life was the embellishment of this house and garden, very ruthlessly treated many years after by Peter the Great, when that monarch rented it from Evelyn during his visit to the English shipping yards.

After the Restoration Evelyn and his wife were frequently at court, and their villa became the resort of many noble and distinguished persons. Evelyn always speaks with the utmost contempt of the favourites of Charles II., and he deeply deplored the profligacy of that monarch. But the same reasons which induced other persons of strict morality and blameless life to appear at Whitehall doubtless weighed with Evelyn, and his knowledge

and experience caused him to be especially favoured by the king and the leading ministers of the Crown.

Evelyn's opinions of the morals of the court was so bad that he tells us himself that it was a very long time before he could be brought to believe that Magaret Blagge, or any one else in her position, could be possessed of the virtue and discretion his wife and Mrs. Howard found in her. Years afterwards, when he wrote her life, which he dedicated to Mrs. Howard's youngest daughter, Lady Sylvius, he confessed how great had been his unwillingness even to pay his respects at Whitehall to Dorothy Howard, the elder daughter, then with Margaret Blagge, maid of honour to Catherine of Braganza. When his wife at last prevailed upon him to pay this visit of ceremony he found Dorothy in company with her friend Margaret, and was so well pleased with the demeanour of both that before long he went to see them again. On one occasion Dorothy Howard was indisposed, and he remained to dine with Margaret Blagge. Her conversation was a treat, and he took especial notice of her sparing indulgence in the delicacies of the table, and of the serious turn which she gave to the subjects discussed at it. "After this introduction," he says, "she conjured me not to baulk her holy cell, and I was not a little pleased to be so solemnly diverted and find myself mistaken, that so young, so elegant, so charming a wit and beauty should preserve so much virtue in a place where it neither naturally grew

nor much was cultivated; for with all these perfections vivacity and apprehension beyond what I could expect, she seemed unconcerned and steady, could endure to be serious, and gently reprove my moroseness, and was greatly devout, which put me out of all fear of her raillery, and made me look upon her with extraordinary respect. Thus every visit abated my prejudice; her discourses were not trifling and effeminate, but full of virtue and material, and of a most tender regard for religion."

In 1672 they made a symbol of inviolate friendship on a sheet of paper, and the somewhat forlorn girl confided to the staid man of fifty her anxieties concerning the married state, and a certain gentleman beyond the seas with whom he knew her heart at that time was. "From this time," he continues, "I no more looked upon her as Mrs. Blagge, but as my child indeed, and did, to the utmost of my poor ability, advise and serve her in all her secular, and no few spiritual affairs and concerns, with a diligence and fidelity becoming the trust and confidence she reposed in me, as an honour to be envied by the best of men; her friendship after this to me was so transcendantly sincere, noble and religious, as taught me all its dimensions, beyond anything I ever read of its highest ideas; and she herself was heard to say what she once thought to be a name only, and nothing else, she found a real existence; and that friendship was for mutual improvement, and to fortify every virtue." Margaret put the management of her fortune into Evelyn's hands,

regarding herself henceforth as his daughter, and paying him as much deference and humility as to a father. For several years he was the confidant of all her actions, and took an active part in persuading her to relinquish a half-formed idea of devoting herself to a single life, so that she might better serve God, and keep herself unspotted from the world.

Her affections had long been partially engaged by Sidney Godolphin, some twenty years her senior, the famous Minister of Charles II., James II., of William and Mary, and of Queen Anne. Macaulay says that he had been bred a page, and on the Restoration he was made groom of the bed-chamber. He was the second son of Sir Francis Godolphin, member for St. Ives in 1640, and of Dorothy, daughter of Charles Berkeley, of Garlington. His paternal aunt Penelope married Sir Charles Berkeley, afterwards Lord Fitzharding, brother of the well-known John Berkeley,[1] the devoted friend of James, Duke of York, created Lord Berkeley of Stratton shortly before the Restoration. Margaret Blagge no doubt frequently met her future husband at St. James's Palace, when she was maid of honour to the Duchess of York; for, as a near relation to the Berkeleys, he would naturally enjoy the favour of the duke. That John Berkeley was an object of dislike to Clarendon, the father of the duchess, would weigh little with James, who

[1] Sidney Godolphin, the elder, was fighting in company with Sir John Berkeley when he fell at Chagford, in 1643.

was entirely uninfluenced by his first wife. In 1661 Sidney Godolphin was elected member for Helston, and continued to represent that borough, which is the nearest place of importance to the family property of Godolphin, in every parliament of the reign of Charles II. In 1668 he went on a mission to Spain, in company with his elder brother William. Lord Sandwich held a very high opinion of Sidney Godolphin's talents, and he is described by Pepys[1] at this comparatively early stage of his career as "a very pretty and able person, and a man of very fine parts."

Margaret Blagge did not remain very long at Whitehall as maid of honour to the queen. Although she laid down for herself the strictest rules as to her conduct, keeping a book beside her that she might read at moments of leisure, instead of wasting her time in vain discourse, and being particularly careful to avoid conversation with the king, she was one of the brightest ornaments of Whitehall during her residence in it. She took part in all the chief diversions of the court, and lent lustre to them by her beauty and wit, and by the sprightliness of her conversation. Her taste in dress and adornment was highly cultivated, and she was constantly consulted on such points by the other court ladies. "She would," says Evelyn, "sing and play, and act and recite, and discourse

[1] Pepys, as well as Evelyn, was an intimate friend of his elder brother, Sir William, and of his younger brother, Henry, Provost of Eton and Dean of St. Paul's.

prettily and innocently a thousand harmless and ingenious purposes to recreate old and melancholy persons, and to divert the younger." Probably, however, she found it impossible to live at court altogether in conformity with her ideas of what the Christian vocation required, and in 1673 she obtained permission to retire to Berkeley House, the residence of her friend and protectress, Lady Berkeley, wife of Lord Berkeley of Stratton, above mentioned. Their stately mansion, which was destroyed by fire in 1753, stood on the site of Devonshire House, Piccadilly.

The charming maid of honour, writes her biographer, "took her leave of their majesties with as much modesty, and so good a grace, that though they looked as if they would have a little reproached her for making so much haste, they could not find in their hearts to say an unkind word to her; but there was for all that, I am certain, something at the heart like grief; and I leave you to imagine how the rest of the court mourned this recess, and how dim the tapers burnt as she passed the antechamber. 'Is Mrs. Blagge going?' says a fair creature; 'why stay I here any longer?' others, 'that the court had never such a star in all its hemisphere'; and verily, I had not observed so universal a damp as upon the spirits of every one that knew her. It was, I remember, upon a Sunday night, after most of the company had departed, that I waited on her down to her chamber, where she was no sooner entered, but falling on her knees, she blessed

God as for a signal deliverance ; she was come out of Egypt, and now in the way to the Land of Promise. You will easily figure to yourself how busy the young saint was the next morning in making up her little carriage to quit her prison; and when you have fancied the conflagration of a certain city the Scripture speaks of, imagine this lady trussing up her little fardle, like the two daughters whom the angel hastened and conducted; but the similitude goes no further, for this holy virgin went to Zoar, they to the cave of folly and intemperance; there was no fear of her looking back and becoming a statue for sorrow of what she left behind. All her household stuff, besides a Bible and a bundle of prayer-books, was packed up in a little compass, for she lived so far from superfluity that she carried all that was valuable in her person; and though she had a courtly wardrobe, she affected it not, because everything became her that she put on, and she became everything that was put upon her."

During her stay at Berkeley House, and afterwards at Twickenham Park, Lord Berkeley's country seat, she pondered much on her future career, and would have gone away on a lengthened visit to the North had not Lady Berkeley joined with Mr. Evelyn in persuading her not to retire from the world. On December 15th, 1674, and again the following week, we find her taking the principal part in the Masque of Calista, or the Chaste Nymph, "an exactly moral poem" performed before the king and queen at

Whitehall. The caste included the Princesses Mary and Anne, Lady Henrietta Wentworth, afterwards well known for her connection with the Duke of Monmouth, Sarah Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough, Henriette de Querouaille, Countess of Pembroke, sister to the Duchess of Portsmouth, the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Latimer and Lord Daincourt. Evelyn says that Margaret Blagge performed her part to admiration. "Verily never was anything more charming and more a divertisement than to hear her at any time recite or read a dramatic poem. She had not only the most happy memory, but exquisite judgment, and could add those motions to her voice, as gave what she pronounced the greatest sweetness and grace imaginable." She was, however, very unwilling to be an actress on this occasion, but "the king and the duke[1] (of York) had laid their commands upon her." She wore a great quantity of jewels, valued at £20,000, and at the second performance had the misfortune to lose one of the diamonds, which belonged to the Countess of Suffolk, a near relative of her old protectress, the Duchess of Richmond. The Duke of York generously made it good. She retired immediately after the play, without waiting for the collation, to Berkeley House, where Evelyn found her in her little oratory, "thanking God that she was delivered from this vanity, and with her Saviour

[1] The duke's eldest daughter, Princess Mary, took the part of Calisto, a favourite nymph of Diana, goddess of Chastity, the part taken by Mrs. Blagge.

again. Never, says she, will I come within this temptation more whilst I breathe."

On Ascension Day, May 16th, 1675, she was privately married in Temple Church to Sidney Godolphin, Lady Berkeley being the only friend present. Dr. Lake, one of the Duke of York's chaplains, performed the ceremony, and administered the holy sacrament to the bridal pair immediately afterwards. Evelyn was evidently somewhat hurt at not being taken into the bride's confidence on this occasion, and the reason for keeping the marriage secret remains obscure. She was very anxious to retire into the country to live, and Sidney Godolphin professed a great desire to humour her. Probably he thought that, once married, he should be able to induce her to stay in the neighbourhood of the court, when she saw that it would be for his advantage. Of the depth and reality of his affection for her there is no question. In the following autumn Lord Berkeley went abroad as Ambassador Extraordinary to France, and Plenipotentiary for the Treaty of Nimeguen, and Mrs. Godolphin accompanied Lady Berkeley as companion. Evelyn, whose second son John, aged twenty, travelled with the party, went with them as far as Dover. They slept one night at Canterbury, and attended prayers next morning in the cathedral. At Dover Margaret Godolphin, who up to this time had made no mention of her marriage to Evelyn, gave him her will, of which she had made him executor. She shed many tears when they took solemn leave upon the beach, Nov. 13th, 1675.

During her stay in Paris Mrs. Godolphin lived in retirement as much as she could, never going to court, and visiting very few of the sights of the city. Lady Berkeley, however, entertained a great deal of company at home, and her young friend soon grew weary of her constant card-playing and trivial conversation. On February 4th, 1676, she wrote to Evelyn: "'Tis almost one o'clock before I can get to bed, so that in the morning I am not able to rise before eight; and passing then an hour in prayer and psalms, and an hour and a half in reading, sometimes one book, sometimes another, by the time I am dressed public prayers begin; then follows dinner, then talk till three o'clock, then go to public prayers, then prate again, God knows, till six o'clock, and then with much difficulty get away to pray, for myself, for you, and for some other; then I am called to cards till bed-time. Oh pity, pity me, dear friend!"

In April she came back to England with Mr. Bernard Grenville,[1] who was passing through Paris on his return from an embassy to the Court of the

[1] The Grenvilles were, like the Godolphins, a great Cornish family, and several times intermarried with them. Sir Bevill Grenville, who fell fighting for Charles I. at the Battle of Lansdowne, is said to have had the patent of an earldom in his pocket on that fatal day. His son, Sir John Grenville, was created Earl of Bath by Charles II. Bernard was a favourite name in the Grenville family. It was borne by Sir Bevill's father, and by one of his sons and grandsons. Probably the Mr. Bernard Grenville mentioned in the life of Mrs. Godolphin was the son of Sir Bevill, and father of George, Lord Lansdowne, the poet.

Duke of Tuscany. Evelyn met her at the home of a relative in Covent Garden, on April 7th. Rather an affecting interview took place between them. Evelyn reproached her for her unkindness in concealing her marriage from him, and she expressed the deepest sorrow and contrition for the course she had reluctantly adopted. "In good earnest," he writes, "I was sorry to see her troubled for it, considering the empire of a passionate love, the singular and silent way of the lover, whose gravity and temper you know so well, and with whom I had nothing of that intimacy and endeared friendship which might entitle me to the confidence he has since not thought me unworthy of." She spent most of the summer at Berkeley House, and there received the customary congratulations on her marriage. She passed two or three weeks in October with the Evelyns at Sayes Court, while Mr. Godolphin was at Newmarket with the king. John Evelyn had been arranging some business for her, connected with a lease the queen granted her at Spalding, in Lincolnshire, and he also gave her assistance and advice in planning her a house in Scotland Yard, Whitehall, in which she and Mr. Godolphin took up their residence on the return of Lord Berkeley from the Continent at the end of March, 1676.

Scotland Yard, since it became in 1829 the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, has been so intimately associated in the public mind with the investigations of the detective force that it is difficult to

realize that the locality was ever a place of residence for fashionable people. Lying between Northumberland House and the Palace of Whitehall was a large open space surrounded by rather mean buildings, inhabited for the most part by Government officials and people connected with the court. Up to the reign of Queen Elizabeth a palace with large pleasure grounds extending to the river had occupied this site, devoted, says Stow, to the reception of the Kings of Scotland, and other estates of that country. The Scottish sovereigns lodged in the palace when they came to do homage for their fiefs in the North of England, and their ambassadors were also accommodated in it. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, and sister to Henry VIII., was the last member of the Scotch royal family who lived in the palace. She found a refuge there after the death of her husband, James IV., at Flodden. In the reign of Elizabeth, the palace, which had become ruinous, was partly pulled down, and portions of it converted into lodgings for secretaries and other privileged persons. Godolphin's connection with the court, and the great favour with which he was regarded by Charles II., who, in his epigramatic manner, said of him that he was "never in the way, and never out of the way," no doubt procured him a dwelling place in this much coveted locality after the declaration of his marriage.

Many alterations were evidently necessary in the quarters allotted to the Godolphins, and we may infer from Evelyn that Mrs. Godolphin spent a

portion of a considerable sum due to her, which he had lately had the good fortune to secure from some threatened danger, in embellishing them. On Sept. 12th, 1676, he records in his diary that he went "to London, to take orders about the building of a house, or rather an apartment which had all the conveniences of a house, for my dear friends, Mr. Godolphin and lady, which I undertook to contrive and survey, and employ workmen till it should be quite finished, it being just over against His Majesty's wood-yard, by the Thames side, leading to Scotland Yard"; and on Sept. 19th, that he went "to Lambeth, to that rare magazine of marble, to take order for chimney-pieces, etc., for Mr. Godolphin's house." In his life of Mrs. Godolphin he expresses his admiration for her "pretty habitation in Scotland Yard, which she contrived and adorned with so much ingenuity and decency, and where all who knew and loved that excellent creature have been so cheerful, so happy, and so unhappy, that I never can pass or think upon the place but a thousand sad thoughts affect me."

Mrs. Godolphin passed two years of almost unalloyed happiness in her new home. She was a model housekeeper, taking "exact account of her daily expenses, which every Saturday she used to sum up, and never went on score." She was most careful in choosing her servants, and in looking after their spiritual as well as physical needs. She entertained her friends and relatives with much liberality, endeavouring without any ostentation to give a

thoughtful turn to the conversation. Her charities were very extensive, and she made a practice of visiting the sick and needy, and personally ministering to their wants, making clothes for them with her own hands. She placed much confidence in a poor widow whom she learnt to know, and constituted the almoner of many of her charities. We are specially told that she looked after orphan children, and put them to school, besides releasing many indigent debtors from prison. For children she had an especial affection, and having no child of her own after two years of marriage, she adopted a little orphan girl, "whom she tended, instructed, and cherished with the tenderness of a natural mother." Mr. Godolphin had settled his wife's portion absolutely on herself, so that she was enabled to carry out all her charitable schemes with a free hand and a clear conscience.

In October, 1677, the Princess Mary married her cousin, the Prince of Orange. His mother, eldest daughter of Charles I., and widow of William II., Prince of Orange, had died of smallpox during a visit to Charles II. This princess was bitterly opposed to the Duke of York's marriage with Anne Hyde, "a woman who had stood as a servant behind her chair." Shortly after the royal marriage Mrs. Godolphin had the satisfaction of seeing her great friend, Anne Howard, united to Sir Gabriel Sylvius. Sir Gabriel had long been paying his addresses to her, and Mrs. Godolphin, "who exceedingly loved the young lady, was," Evelyn tells us,

"most industrious in furthering the match out of pity to the languishing knight, so as, though there were great differences in their years, it was at last effected, and they were married on Nov. 13th, in Henry VII.'s Chapel, by the Bishop of Rochester, there being besides my wife and Mrs. Graham, her sister, Mrs. Godolphin, and a very few more. We dined at the old lady's (the bride's mother), and supped at Mr. Graham's, at St. James's." Evelyn was evidently more pleased at this match, notwithstanding the disparity of ages, than he had been at the marriage of the elder sister, Dorothy Howard, to Colonel James Graham a year or two previously. His fatherly fondness for Dorothy only fell short of his affection of the same nature for Margaret Godolphin, and he declares that she was "not only a great beauty, but a most virtuous and excellent creature, worthy to have been wife to the best of men." His advice was sought on the occasion of her marriage, and he spoke "to the advantage of the young gentleman, more out of pity than that she deserved no better match, for though he was a gentleman of good family, yet there was great inequality." Anne Howard's elderly spouse was a Dutchman, who had been much in England, and directly after his marriage he was appointed Hoffmeister to the Prince of Orange, and returned for a while to his own country with his wife, in the train of the royal bride and bridegroom.

Lady Sylvius was in England again in the following spring, visiting her sister and mother, and on the

anniversary of Mrs. Godolphin's wedding a happy party of friends assembled at Evelyn's house. A few weeks afterwards Evelyn conducted the three quondam maids of honour to visit Mr. Elias Ashmole's [1] house and curiosities at Lambeth. On the same day Mr. Godolphin was made Master of the Robes to the King, and shortly afterwards Mrs. Godolphin sent Evelyn £70 anonymously to be distributed among poor people.

Mrs. Godolphin had long desired a child, and the height of human happiness was apparently reached by the birth of a son on Sept. 3rd, 1678. Mr. Godolphin, who was at Windsor with the court, immediately rejoined his wife on receipt of the intelligence, and according to the custom of the period, the child was baptized on Sept. 5th, by the name of Francis. All went well until the following Sunday, when Evelyn and his wife, who had returned home from a visit to Scotland Yard, full of joy and satisfaction at the happy event, were suddenly called back again by a most disquieting letter from Mr. Godolphin, couched in the following terms :—

"My poor wife is fallen very ill of a fever, with lightness in her head. You know who says the prayer of the faithful shall save the sick; I humbly

[1] Mr. Ashmole handed over the collection bequeathed to him by John Tradescant to the University of Oxford in 1677, when the Ashmolean Museum was erected from a design by Sir Christopher Wren.

beg your charitable prayers for this poor creature and your distracted servant.—LONDON, *Saturday*, 9 *o'clock*."

The message was brought to the Evelyns while they were in church; and they hastened to Whitehall, where they found Mrs. Godolphin in great danger. The autumn was excessively hot, and fever extremely prevalent in many quarters. Either from want of skilful management, or because she was physically unable to withstand the attack, Mrs. Godolphin gradually sank, and after some hours of delirium, died at noon on Monday, Sept. 9th. As a last resource, a cordial recommended by her valued and honoured friend, the Viscountess Mordaunt, who only survived her about a year, was tried, but her exhaustion had gone beyond the power of rallying.

All her affairs were found in the exactest order, and a paper left in the hands of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Boscawen, to be delivered to her husband in case of her death, proves that the fatal result of her time of trial was fully anticipated by her. The composition and wording of the document is so characteristic of its saintly writer that no apology is needed for giving it in full :—

"My dear, not knowing how God may deal with me, I think it my best course to settle my affairs, so as that, in case I be to leave this world, no earthly thing may take up my thoughts. In the first place, my dear, believe me, that of all earthly things you

were and are the most dear to me; and I am convinced that nobody ever had a better, or half so good, a husband. I beg your pardon for all my imperfections, which I am sensible were many; but such as I could help, I did endeavour to subdue, that they might not trouble you; for those defects which I could not rectify in myself, as want of judgment in the management of my family and household affairs, which I own myself to be very defective in, I hope your good nature will excuse, and not remember to my disadvantage when I am gone. I ask your pardon for the vanity of my humour, and for being often more melancholy and splenetic than I had cause to be. I was always ashamed of myself when I was so, and sorry for it, and I hope it will come into the number of those faults which I could not help. Now, my dear, God be with thee; pray God bless you, and keep you His faithful servant for ever. In Him be all thy joy and delight, satisfaction and comfort, and do not grieve too much for me, since I hope I shall be happy, being very much resigned to God's will, and leaving this world with, I hope in Christ Jesus, a good conscience. Now, my dear, if you please, permit me to ask leave to bestow a legacy or two among my friends and servants. In the first place, if it might be, I could wish when the child I go with grows of a fit bigness, it might be either with my sister Boscawen, or my sister Penn, for I know they will be careful of its better part, which is the chief thing I am concerned about. In the next place, I desire

you would give B. (her woman) one hundred pounds, the use of which being six pounds a year, she may live at her father's house upon, if she will; for I fear she will scarce get anybody to bear with her want of good service, as I have done. For my maid, if she does not marry, I hope she will be kept to look after my child, when it comes from nurse. In the meantime you will give her board wages. For my two footmen, I hope you will get them places as soon as you can. However, if you be not disposed to keep them, you will give them at parting ten pounds a piece. I desire you will give my sisters my share of the Queen's lease, fifty pounds a year; it is between them two, my unmarried ones I mean; and to my cousin Sarah a hundred pounds in money. To my Lady Silvius my great diamond ring, etc.

"Now, my dear, I have done, if you please to lay out about a hundred pounds more in rings for your five sisters, to remember me by. I know nothing more I have to desire of you but that you will sometimes think of me with kindness, but never with too much grief. For my funeral, I desire there may be no cost bestowed upon it at all; but if I might, I would beg that my body might lie where I had such a mind to go myself, at Godolphin, among your friends. I believe, if I were carried by sea, the expense would not be very great; but I don't insist upon that place, if you think it not reasonable; lay me where you please.

"Pray, my dear, be kind to that poor child I leave behind, for my sake, who loved you so well;

but I need not bid you, I know you will do so. If you should think fit to marry again, I humbly beg that little fortune I brought may be first settled upon my child, and that as long as any of your sisters live, you will let it (if they permit) live with them; for it may be, though you will love it, my successor will not be so fond of it as they, I am sure, will be.

"Now, my dear child, farewell; the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your heart and mind in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be with thee, and remain with thee, ever and ever. Amen."

The singular wish she expressed to be buried at Godolphin, whither she had always desired to retire, but where she had never been in life, was strictly carried out, but her husband, the silent and reserved Godolphin, who, "struck with unspeakable affliction, fell down as dead" when his wife's spirit passed away, was quite unable to accompany the melancholy procession on its journey into Cornwall. Evelyn, to whom the arrangements were entrusted, caused the body to be embalmed, and the following inscription to be engraved on a copper plate, and soldered on the coffin :—

"Here lies a pearl, none such the ocean yields,
In all the treasures of his liquid fields;
But such as that wise merchant wisely sought,
Who the bright gem with all his substance bought.

Such to Jerusalem above translates
Our God, t' adorn the entrance of her gates;
The spouse with such embroidery does come,
To meet her nuptials the celestial groom."

The register of St. Breage Church states that she was buried on Sept. 27th, 1678.

Evelyn records in his Diary that she was "carried to Godolphin in Cornwall, in a hearse with six horses, attended by two coaches of as many, with about thirty of her relations and servants. There accompanied the hearse Sir William, two more of his brothers, and three sisters; her husband was so overcome with grief that he was wholly unfit to travel so long a journey till he was more composed. I went as far as Hounslow with a sad heart, but was obliged to return upon some indispensable affairs. The corpse was ordered to be taken out of the hearse every night, and decently placed in the house, with tapers about it, and her servants attending, to Cornwall; and then was honourably interred in the parish church of Godolphin. This funeral cost not much less than £1,000. With Mr. Godolphin I looked over and sorted his lady's papers, most of which consisted of prayers, meditations, sermon notes, discourses and collections on several religious subjects, and many of her own happy composing, and so pertinently digested, as if she had been all her life a student in divinity. We found a diary of her solemn resolutions, all tending to practical virtue, with letters from select friends, all put into exact method. It astonished

us to see what she had read and written, her youth considered."

The only portrait of Mrs. Godolphin that is known to exist is preserved at Wootton, an estate belonging to the Evelyn family in Surrey. Mr. Evelyn says of this portrait that "she would be drawn in a lugubrious posture, sitting upon a tombstone, adorned with a sculptured urn."

Sidney Godolphin, who was made a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury and a Privy Councillor in 1679, never married again. He besought Evelyn to continue the trust his wife had reposed in him on behalf of his little son, conjuring him "to transfer the friendship he had for his dear wife on him and his." In 1684 he became First Lord of the Treasury, and was created Baron Godolphin of Rialton. Rialton is a secluded manor house, near St. Columb Minor, well known by visitors to New Quay. A fair view of the most interesting side of the house, built by the last prior of Bodmin, may be obtained from the declivity that rises behind it. Lord Godolphin managed to find favour with all the successors of Charles II. in turn, and was only dismissed from office by Queen Anne in 1710, when, under the influence of the rival faction, that sovereign came to a final rupture with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Godolphin's only child married, in 1698, their eldest daughter, Henrietta Churchill, who became Duchess of Marlborough in her own right in 1722. She erected a monument to her father-in-law in the south aisle of West-

LUCY HUTCHINSON

minster Abbey, where he was buried in September, 1712, having survived his wife more than thirty-four years. Francis Godolphin and Henrietta Churchill had one son, William, Marquess of Blandford, who pre-deceased his mother without posterity in 1731, and two daughters, Henrietta, Duchess of Newcastle, who left no issue, and Mary, wife of Thomas Osborne, fourth Duke of Leeds, great-great-grandfather of the present Duke. The blood of Sidney Godolphin and Margaret Blagge thus flows in the veins of one great English family still possessing several direct representatives and many collateral branches.

But, to use the words of Bishop Wilberforce in his introduction to Evelyn's "Life," it was "not for gentle descent or noble alliance that Margaret Godolphin was the most remarkable, or best deserves remembrance. Rather did she add distinction to an ancient line, and transmit to all her posterity that memory of her virtues and inheritance of good deeds without which titles and hereditary rank are but splendid contradictions and conspicuous blemishes. Her lot was cast in the darkest age of England's morals, and she lived in a court where vice and littleness flourished in their rankest luxuriance."

It is a matter of no little satisfaction to the English race to find that, corrupt as that court was, greatly in consequence of the influence of foreign manners, it yet possessed many members distinguished for their social and domestic virtues.

Moreover, these noble and God-fearing persons formed no little coterie, remarkable for sanctimonious contempt of the world, and self-approving abstention from its pleasures. Scarcely any of the famous women whose names stand at the head of these pages had more than a passing acquaintance with one another. Their very friends belonged to what we should call different sets, clearly proving that there was a widespread leaven of the fear and love of God in what we are accustomed to consider the corrupt society of the later Stuart times. Leaving Mrs. Hutchinson out of the question as a Nonconformist and the wife of a regicide, we find Lady Russell, Lady Warwick, Lady Maynard and Mrs. Godolphin to have been the central figures of various circles about the court, distinguished for their loyalty to the Church of England, their respect for the dignity of the throne, their aversion to any form of vice, and their love of simplicity and purity of life. Among their several friends, only less well known than themselves, we may cite Lady Derby, "that virtuous lady," as Evelyn calls her, to whom Lady Russell entrusted her eldest daughter, Lord and Lady Essex, George, first Earl of Berkeley, Lady Mordaunt, the Howard family, and many others, whom there is not space to mention.

In bringing to a close these sketches of our illustrious country women in a byegone age, the writer ventures to express a hope that the slight outline here given of their lives will stimulate the

curiosity of the reader to examine their letters and journals in the original form whenever opportunity offers. Unfortunately the demand for books to place permanently on our shelves is so restricted in these days that publishers shrink from the risk of bringing out new editions of old and once favourite works. But the facilities given for moving about, and the manifold temptations held out to visit London half a dozen times in a year, and our ancient universities at, to say the least, annual intervals, put it within the power of many to spend a few delightful hours from time to time in turning over the mellowed pages of books and manuscripts preserved in our great national libraries.

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